

# The Rambler,

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## THE STRUGGLES OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

SOME few years ago there was a cry raised amongst us English Catholics against the inordinate rates at which Catholic books were sold. "Down with the prices!" was exclaimed by almost every zealous person whose poverty, whose cupidity, or whose compassion for the needy, prompted him to wish to see Catholic books "as cheap as dirt." We do not dispute that there might have been some ground for the cry; we do not pretend that the old system of publishing was precisely what it ought to have been, and might prudently have been. No doubt we were in a grievous condition of drowsiness, if not of absolute slumber, in all that concerned the multiplication of good books at a reasonable cost. It boots not, however, to turn to the past, and grumble over it: our concern is with things as they are. The fact is, that Catholic books *have* been cheapened, and that a swarm of diminutive little volumes, unreadable save to strong and youthful eyes, ugly in form, villanous in illustration, and tending to dilapidation after a week's wear, has been poured over the country, at a price suicidally low, till it has become almost a proverb that the worst-looking and most ill-got-up publications in the kingdom are (with certain exceptions) the books in use among the English Catholic body. As to the ordinary Irish Catholic books, we are not so well acquainted with them; but we have seen specimens with illustrations so ludicrously hideous, and altogether turned out in so utterly disreputable a style, that we suspect a competent judge would be puzzled to decide between the competing demerits of the average of Catholic books on the two sides of the Irish Channel.

To all this we should have little to say, were the evil confined to the simple existence of a few hundred thousands of useless literary deformities. If publishers like to issue, and

purchasers like to buy, a library full of unreadable, ill-translated, ill-punctuated, ill-printed, and ill-bound books, by all means let them have their way, so long as no mischief is really done to better books, and to the cause of Catholic literature generally. But, unhappily, this is not the case. What with one thing and another, between the rivalry of booksellers, the general rage for cheapness in books of all kinds, and the poverty of Catholics, a notion has got possession of too many amongst us, to the effect that it is the duty of publishers and authors to present their works to the public for a sum little more than *nothing*. With a most unreasonable ignorance, they judge of the price of a book, not by the cost of its production, and the laws which govern all business and trading transactions, but by their own pocket and wishes, or by—what is often an equally delusive guide—the size of the book compared with the size of publications of a totally different character. The sentiments often expressed by purchasers would be incredible, as coming from persons of good feeling and sense, were it not that they are for the most part based upon a total misconception of the true facts of the case, and upon an oversight of certain subsidiary considerations which are of primary importance to the very existence of a Catholic literature. Were they cognisant of the mischief they are doing, and of the absolute impossibility of complying with their demands, there can be no doubt that they would be the first to repudiate the notions which, as it is, they are foremost in maintaining and disseminating. For the sake, then, of the cause which we all hold dear, we beg their attention to the few remarks we now have to offer on the subject.

We need not remind our readers of the exceeding great importance of the cultivation of a thoroughly Catholic English literature, not only directly religious, but also secular in subject and Catholic in principle. If the English branch of the Catholic Church is to do her duty to her children, rich and poor, and to the unbelieving multitudes around her, she *must* make use of that most formidable engine, for good or for evil, the press. By elaborate treatises; by regular histories; by popular sketches; by works of science, imagination and fiction; by books of devotion; by books for gentlemen and ladies, and for the labouring classes; by school-books; by tracts, magazines, reviews, and newspapers; by every device that the ingenuity of the day has set in motion for the working upon the mind of the age, *we* must take our place among our fellow-countrymen, and employ for our own advantage, as well as for theirs, that tremendous power which,



so sure as the sun is now in heaven, will work us the most frightful of evils, if we do not turn its energies to the glory of God and the instruction and edification of souls. It is idle to dream of going on as the world went on in a past generation. We cannot fight against the decrees of Providence, and sit down with antiquated bigotry, our hands folded on our lap, and with solemn, reproving countenance lament that such trouble and sacrifices are called for in the days in which we have the misfortune to exist. We cannot do without the press; for if it is not our servant, it will be our most dangerous enemy. Nobody who has not looked into the question can form an idea of the mischief that is daily wrought in the minds of many of *all classes* amongst us, by the present deficiencies in our own literature, by which we are driven to be perpetually reading the books of men, who, if they do not hate the Church of God, at least will unconsciously introduce evil into their writings at every turn. The whole *mind* of the younger members of the upper classes of Catholics especially, and of very many of all ages among the poor, is at this time in a condition of ferment, and of openness to new ideas, whether good or the reverse, to an extent which we are persuaded few have realised. And do what we will, *nothing* can remedy the present evils, and provide against far greater evils to come, except the creation of a literature at once Catholic in doctrine and morals, elevated and liberal in ideas, refined in feeling, and acute, profound, and exact in thought. In truth, the fact is so obvious, that we have perhaps wasted words in even thus briefly recurring to the subject.

Granting this, then, is it not equally obvious that such a literature cannot be got for nothing, any more than a man can have breakfast, dinner, and supper every day without paying for it? Is it not simply silly to look for a race of benevolent publishers, blest with ample private fortunes, who will bring out annually a long catalogue of good books, and give them away for less than they have cost in the production? And as for that poor forgotten drudge, the author, is it a fact in natural history that he can live upon air, and clothe himself without fear of tailor's bills, and live rent-free in some aërial almshouse for literary men? True, he is used to be trodden upon, and trodden upon pretty hard; his demands are not exorbitant, and his endurance marvellous; but there must be some limit to cuffs and kicks, even on the most long-suffering of patients. In short, book-producing and bookselling must be conducted on the same principles as law-selling, justice-selling, physic-selling, corn-selling, and coat-selling, or it cannot be carried on at all.

Nor will it suffice to remunerate booksellers and authors at the same rate at which you would remunerate greengrocers and shoe-blacks. Book-publishing and selling is, *and must be*, one of the most gentlemanly of trades, and its profits must therefore be higher than those which would suffice for a dealer in apples and gingerbread. From the nature of the case, the business cannot be properly carried on except by persons of a certain standard of intelligence and character, and holding a certain position in the social scale, and therefore requiring a proportionate income to enable them to live accordingly.

Moreover, the book-publishing and book-selling trade is far more precarious and speculative than most others. No trade feels so much the fluctuations in the income of purchasers, or the excitements of political, social, and religious agitation. A revolution in Paris, a Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, an Anti-papal-aggression agitation, or any such source of violent feeling in the country in general, will often be enough to destroy the bookselling business for the time being. The demand for books, too, is a thing almost impossible to calculate on beforehand. One work will hit the public taste, while another, far its superior, and, in the judgment of the experienced, very likely to succeed, does not find a hundred buyers, and ends its days at the trunk-maker's or butterman's. And these circumstances require an outlay of capital, and a perpetual expenditure in all the machinery necessary to get a book off in the market, which no man will furnish unless with a pretty sure prospect of a good return of annual income.

"With all this," the reader will say, "who thrives like a great London publisher? Look at Paternoster Row, Albemarle Street, and New Burlington Street, and ask the autocrats who there reign whether bookselling is not a trade on which to laugh and grow fat?" Undoubtedly in *their* case it is. Booksellers, as the saying is, drink claret out of authors' skulls; and with Paternoster Row before us, and not one author out of twenty making a living by his brains, who shall deny it? Nevertheless, these lords of the book-trade are, after all, the exceptions to the rule, and every now and then one of the most distinguished and liberal of the body gets into the *Gazette* as a bankrupt.

It is not, however, of the Protestant publishers that we are speaking, but of the Catholic; and of these, we have not the least hesitation in saying that they one and all experience at times a difficulty in carrying on their affairs as men of integrity and respectability, owing to the exaggerated demand

for cheapness which has seized upon the general purchasing Catholic body. We have not the slightest reason for doubting that every one of them is prosperous, if by prosperity is meant a freedom from fear of insolvency. But if by prosperity is meant the receipt of such profits as they *ought* to receive, we do not believe that there is a Catholic publisher in Great Britain and Ireland whose business-income is what he has a right to expect from his capital, labour, risk, and position.

And if this preposterous notion respecting cheap books does mischief to publishers, it does ten times as much to authors; and, in fact, it goes very far to stifle the growth of a Catholic literature in its very infancy. If our readers could see laid before them a statement of the sums received by Catholic writers during the last five or ten years, of the amount of time and thought expended by them in the composition of the works they have produced, they would lift up their eyes in amazement. In a large number of cases, the publishers' profits on the books are so slender, owing to their low price and small sale, that they literally *can* give the writers little or *nothing*; while the cases in which the remuneration approximates (though distantly) to its proper amount are extremely few. We believe, indeed, that we are only stating an undeniable fact, when we say, that *no Catholic book has been published for many years in this country for which the writer has received any thing like an adequate remuneration for the labour it has cost him.*

The result we see before us in every Catholic bookseller's shop. Here and there a good book, original and not translated, is issued, well printed on good paper, and decently bound. These, moreover, our readers should know, are for the most part published at the risk of the authors, who chance to have the means to pay the printer's and paper-maker's bills, and are willing, not to *run the risk*, but to incur *the almost inevitable certainty*, of a serious loss, instead of a gain. Besides these, we can point to an occasional well got-up and well-executed compilation or translation. But beyond this, and looking at the great mass of our Catholic publications, it would be an abuse of words to call it *a Catholic literature*. A very large portion of it consists of translations from French, German, Italian, and Latin, half of them utterly unworthy of translation at all, or not called for in the present state of our affairs, and not one out of ten among them translated by a competent person. Others are reprints, turned out in such a style that no respectable Protestant bookseller would like them to lie upon his counter; printed in such a type that not one poor man or woman (for the poor need larger type than the rich,) out of a dozen can read them with comfort, and nobody



above the age of forty can read them without straining his eyes; full of typographical errors; and on paper and done up in covers so flimsy that they begin to fall to pieces after a few days' use. In fact, men who are capable of writing cannot, and booksellers dare not, bring out such works as the necessities of the time are urgently demanding; because of the Catholic public some few cannot, and very many will not, buy the books they ought to buy, or pay a proper price for those they do buy.

By way of reply to these facts it is sometimes implied that the sale of some Catholic books would be much larger were their price much lower. Under this plausibility lurks a fatal fallacy. With a large class of writings, however cheap they were, the sale could never go beyond a very limited number of readers. Supposing that *all* Catholics in England who could understand them were to purchase books of that high character which every educated Catholic is crying out for, there would remain no remuneration for the writers if they were sold at the price which popular unreasonableness demands. Such books as we speak of, by the nature of the case cannot be appreciated by the multitude, and the multitude would not buy them if they were almost given away. Take such a work as Dr. Russell's recently published version of Leibnitz's *System of Theology*, a work possessing great attractions for the Catholic theologian, historian, and man of science, what would be its prospects if its price were reduced to a half-a-crown or to a shilling? The *ordinary* Catholic reader, it is obvious, would not look at it, if he could get it for nothing. Imagine St. Thomas Aquinas in the form and at the price of a "Railway Library" or "Parlour Library" series. Would it sell extensively at such a cost? No one can fancy so for a moment. It is clear, therefore, that books of a high standard must be issued at a price in proportion to the paucity of Catholic purchasers. We *cannot* have books as cheap as the popular libraries and Protestant reprints, which find readers by the tens of thousands. When we can reckon our educated Catholics by tens of thousands, then, but not till then, will be the time for lowering the prices of good Catholic publications.

To another obstacle in the way of the success of some Catholic publications, and especially of periodicals, our readers will pardon us for alluding, though it is only indirectly connected with the question of cheapness. It can hardly be doubted that there is to be found among some of our body a degree of prejudice and intolerance which presents a most formidable barrier to the prosperity of any publication treating of subjects of present and practical interest. There are

certain topics on which it is hopeless to expect that all Catholics will ever agree. Some of these are of considerable importance, some of little; some are questions of art, some of ceremonial, some of the relation between the Church and the world, some of education, and so forth; but it is quite certain that they are also questions on which good Catholics may lawfully disagree. Undoubtedly, if our body were sufficiently numerous, all the varying shades of opinion on these and similar topics might each have their own publications, representing, or coinciding with, their separate views. But situated as we are, any such multiplication of periodicals is totally out of the question; and therefore if *any* Catholic publications are to be maintained, it is essential that those who may dissent from the views of any existing journal on such open questions should nevertheless give it their support, provided its general character is such as to merit their esteem *as Catholics*. Obvious as this truth is, unhappily instances too often occur in which a reader is so indignant that the conductors of a publication take different views from himself on one or two points, that he instantly withdraws his countenance, and so far renders the very existence of Catholic journals an impossibility. We may rest assured that these disagreements on certain details will never cease. They result very often from constitutional differences in the natural character; and until it shall please Almighty God to create all men on precisely one unvarying type, we must be prepared to find the most vehement controversies going on amongst us on points where the Church herself has not closed the question. What we plead for therefore is, that we should all cheerfully permit in our fellow-Catholics that liberty of maintaining their theories which we demand for the defence of our own; and that when journals or books are distinguished for orthodoxy, zeal, learning, and ability, they should receive a cordial support *on the whole* from those who have the means to aid them.

As there is nothing like illustration by way of confirming general statements, we shall now venture to acquaint our readers with the results of the balance-sheet of two Catholic publications of the present day, in order to shew them still more clearly how matters stand. It would be manifestly unfair to select, as proofs of the ruinous condition of Catholic authorship and publishing, any work which had professedly or notoriously proved a failure. It is also desirable to select such as are the property of their authors or editors, and not of any individual in the bookselling trade. We shall accordingly, in friendly confidence, unfold the present pecuniary position of this journal itself, and of the series known by the

name of the *Clifton Tracts*. The *Rambler*, then, is what is considered an unusually successful periodical, as Catholic matters go. We have reason to believe that it has a larger circulation than that of any Church-of-England monthly or quarterly, not including, of course, such publications as the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Reviews*, which are purely secular in their character. The *Rambler* has now existed more than four years: it is, we need not say, extremely well printed, and on paper good, but not extravagantly and needlessly expensive. The prices paid to the printer, paper-maker, and bookbinder, are very moderate, and quite as low as would be charged by any respectable tradesmen who pay their work-people fitting wages. The publisher, also, has from the first received a lower percentage, as publisher, than is usual in the "trade," and for some time he further assisted the journal by a payment of money. At first, few of its contributors received any remuneration; and even now many give occasional gratuitous aid. Yet how do matters stand with the editor and proprietor? He is still between four and five hundred pounds *out of pocket* by the expenses, to say nothing of four years' incessant and most anxious thought and labour, for which he has not received one single shilling. This loss is, further, reckoned, after allowing for pecuniary aid to some extent from private friends. And this is *success*! And why is this? Because many Catholics might and could become subscribers, who do not and will not; and because, if the price were higher, still fewer would subscribe. The price in truth is *too* low already. For four shillings and sixpence (the price of three numbers of the *Rambler*) we give almost as much matter, and as many pages, and as good print and paper, as *Quarterly Reviews* give for six shillings, while our expenses for binding and advertising are *higher* than theirs. After this statement we need hardly add how thankfully we acknowledge the kindness of such of our friends as make our interests their own, and do any thing that they can to increase our list of subscribers.

Let us turn now to the *Clifton Tracts*. This publication is unquestionably the most successful of any of the kind which has issued from the English Catholic press. Every one likes the Tracts; they run counter to nobody's views or prejudices; they appear with the full amount of sanction or authority which is ever accorded to similar undertakings; and their circulation far exceeds that of any other Catholic tracts. Of some of them have been sold eight or ten thousand copies; and the average sale has been above 5000. Some persons imagine that their editors have realised quite a little fortune;



but what is the fact? At the present time the editors have *lost* between sixty and seventy pounds in the mere expenses of printing, paper, &c., without having paid as yet one farthing to the writers of the tracts, and without receiving one farthing themselves for all their labour and risk. They have received, indeed, some aid towards the cost from a few private friends; but this makes no difference in the amount of loss involved in the publication. The Tracts are also being reprinted in America, but, in the absence of any international copyright between England and America, the English editors and writers receive not the slightest benefit from this appropriation of their labours. On the contrary, they are injured by it.\* We feel sure that after such a statement, our readers will hasten to aid in every way the sale of a series so excellent, and so important in the present juncture of Catholic affairs.

As to the general considerations which we have now laid before them, there surely can be but one opinion. Are we to remain in the same apathetic, paralysed, self-destructive, condition as hitherto, or no? When shall we open our eyes to the great fact of the day, that the *thought* of our own body, and of the whole European world, is anxiously, vigorously, and incessantly *at work* on subjects the most pregnant in their character and the most momentous in their consequences, and that what we want *first* is not buildings, not ornaments, not societies, nor any one of those developments which should follow, and not precede, the culture of the mind, but a thorough Catholic and liberal *education* of those who need it in our own body, and the creation of such a literature as shall at once produce this happy end, and spread its influence on the unbelieving myriads around us? How long are we to remain niggards and slumberers in all that relates to books, dealing with their writers and publishers as we would deal with a Jew money-lender, to whom no man would have recourse unless compelled, and with whom his one great aim would be to drive as hard a bargain as might be possible? For ourselves, we never can cease to regret the day when the reviving and expanding energies of English Catholicism devoted themselves to bricks and mortar, instead of to the improved culture of that youthful mind of the rich and poor which alone can give significance or real beauty to the most superb creations of art and skill. We look upon the rise of the building mania, now happily, we trust, on the wane, as one of the most serious misfortunes which could have befallen the English Catholic

\* In the same way, the *Four Years' Experience of the Catholic Religion*, which originally appeared in this journal, was reprinted in America, and an edition of 2000 copies sold off before the author even knew of its existence.

body at such a period. About as reasonably might the parents of the new-born child send off for the tailor or milliner, and order superb court-dresses for the helpless infant, instead of consigning it to the arms of the nurse, to be fed and clothed as its age required. What, let any thinking man decide—what would have been our present condition, if we had devoted ourselves in the *first* place to books and schools, and in the *second* place to buildings? What *have* we gained as it is? A certain number of churches and other edifices, of which a very few will stand the test of mere artistic criticism, and still fewer are adapted to the rubrics and customs and traditions of the *living* Church, with an enormous, overpowering, crushing, killing debt. And as to ourselves, the men and women, high and low, who use these buildings and have to bear these debts, how much are we better than our fathers?

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#### MASTERS AND WORKMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

A THOUSAND years ago, when England was ruled by Ethelred the Anglo-Saxon king, the law of the country was thus declared:

“We all zealously hold one Christianity; and the ordinance of our Lord and the ‘witan’ is, that just laws be set up, and that every man be entitled to right; and that peace and friendship be observed; and let every injustice be carefully cast out from the country; and let fraudulent deeds and hateful wrongs be earnestly shunned; and let God’s law be zealously loved by word and deed: then will God be merciful soon to this nation. And let Sunday’s festival be rightly kept, and marketings and workings be abstained from on that holy day; and let all St. Mary’s feast-tides be strictly honoured, first with fasting, and afterwards with feasting; and at the celebration of every Apostle let there be fasting and feasting; and let the other festivals and fasts be observed; and the holy tides of the Ember-days and Advent (until the Octave of the Epiphany), and from Septuagesima until fifteen days after Easter. And let us diligently turn from sin, and confess our misdeeds, and strictly make compensation. And let every man, poor or rich, be considered worthy of right; and let every man do to others the justice which he desires shall be rendered to him, according as it is reasonable. And ever as any one shall be more powerful here in the world, so shall he pay for every

misdeed more dearly; because the strong and the weak are not alike, and cannot raise a like burden; nor is the hale like unto the unhale; and discreetly are to be distinguished rich and poor, weak and strong. And if a money-penalty arise, let it belong, by direction of the bishops, to the behoof of the poor. And let mercy be shewn for fear of God, and those be protected who need it, because we all need that our Lord oft grant his mercy to us."

Similar was the character of the laws of Alfred, who in his ordinances recited the precepts of the Mosaic law, marked as it was by the most careful consideration for the poor, and a systematic favouring of poverty as against property, and commanding that the same judgment be given for rich and poor; the king also incorporating in his code the New Testament precepts, embodying them all in the comprehensive principle that every one should do unto others what he would wish done unto himself.

Asser, in his *Life of Alfred*, shews that his example amply illustrated his laws; for he gave a great part of his revenues to the poor, and was to their interests wonderfully attentive. The biographer adds: "The poor had beside him few protectors in the country, for the powerful turned their thoughts rather to secular than heavenly things, more bent on their own profit than the common good." So, Guizot says, that the principles of justice and beneficence acted on by the Church, explain why the people were always so anxious to be placed under her domination: lay proprietors being far from watching so carefully over the interest of the inhabitants of their domains, looking chiefly to their own profit. These instances exhibit the different ways in which the Church and the world deal with the poor,—that is, those who live by their labour: a difference displayed in all ages down to the present time, at which, indeed, perhaps it is more marked and more important than ever.

When the Church first founded her divine kingdom in this realm, there existed the institution of serfdom as respects the labourers in husbandry, which was not absolutely abolished, but which was deprived of its evil by the influence of her benign principles, as above expressed, and embodied in the law. Another view which the Church inculcated is conveyed in the ordinance of Louis le Hutin abolishing such servitude in France. "Since according to the right of nature every one should be born free, but by certain usages and customs which have been kept from great antiquity in our kingdom, many of our common people have fallen into condition of servitude, which greatly displeases us, we ordain that such servitude be



abolished, and freedom given on good and just condition to all who are fallen into it." But so contented were the people under Catholic lords, that they scarcely cared for the offered enfranchisement. And the spirit which in this country characterised the system under the influence of the Church is shewn in the simple fact, that if a serf were made to work on a Sunday or festival, he was *ipso facto* emancipated.

The author of *Mores Catholici* truly says: "In the middle ages the social state was no doubt imperfect: Christianity had not terminated its work; but was it not better to be one of the people then, than to be so now, in the nineteenth century? He was a *serf*, it is true; but is he not now a *workman*?" It is our object to answer these questions, by shewing that the workman now is worse off than the serf was then.

The same author observes: "The peasant then held to something: a moral tie attached him to his master and the Church; at whose door he assumed all the dignity of a man and of a Christian; and which offered him an asylum against the world. There was a community of faith and feeling among high and low, rich and poor.

"In a Catholic state one might have looked upon every person in every rank as one of a great but closely-united family, possessing the same feelings and acting from the same motives: the poor labourer, the young apprentice, the student, the artisan, the soldier, and the sovereign, all had the same sources of instruction and consolation as himself. In the tribunal of penance they had all been taught the same lessons, and had been directed to the same end. In every other state, heathen or modern, each man has his own motives, his own end in view; perhaps he thinks virtues what you regard sins; and sins what you regard as virtues. In Catholic states there was only one standard of morality; there was only one faith. What an increase of public and social happiness resulted from such unity!"

The same author shews how the spirit of the Church, so essentially social, led to the formation, from a very early period, for all trades and manufactures, of confraternities or societies, which included *both the masters and the men*; and which regulated, by amicable arbitrement, all those questions that have, for a long course of years, proved in this country fruitful in fatal dissensions between the employer and the employed,—the case of unskilled labour, the admission of apprentices, the amount of wages, and the hours of work. Guardians were actually appointed to see that the men had their meals properly, and worked neither too early nor too late. These "guilds" or confraternities are of very ancient origin, and are

mentioned in our Anglo-Saxon laws. They were of a religious character; and all their rules were based upon religious principles. The common condition of admission was to "work well and honestly;" and any misconduct forfeited the privileges attaching to them. The men were not to work late: why? because the work could not be so well done at night. The masters could not employ men who had not been brought up to the business: why? because the work would not be well done. So again, the master could not have more than a certain number of apprentices with each workman: why? because otherwise they would not be well taught. It will be seen how the principles of honesty and equity were applied; and with what truth our author observes, "that under such a system there could not exist (as in our own age and country) a state of continued (concealed or open) war between masters and men."

It will be observed that the Church did not leave the masters and the men to settle all matters separately, each individual for himself; or as two classes, each class for itself; but blended both the masters and the men together in common confraternities, with a common interest and fellow-feeling: so favourable was the Church to association, so hostile to separation. Guizot testifies to the marvellous unity produced by the Church in the middle ages; and the latest of his productions proves isolation to be identified with infidelity, and destructive of the greatness and happiness of man. And De Haller truly says, that the Catholic religion alone secures a union of hearts and minds; being founded on that reciprocal sacrifice of one for another, which is the bond of all society; not on egotism or selfishness, which is its solvent and destruction: on the bond of an immense community united by the same faith and law; not on a principle of hatred, isolation, and law. It is obvious how admirably all this was illustrated by these confraternities; and how much the reverse of all this is exhibited in a system of hostile combinations of masters and men as separate classes, with opposite interests; each acting unrestrainedly on the selfish instincts of human nature. Under these associations it was not allowed to any master, for his selfish aggrandisement, to make his men work later than others; nor for any man, from the same selfish motive, to offer so to work; as it was considered that thereby an unfair advantage would be gained at the expense of the general good. It is obvious that the Church alone, with her supernatural system, could induce men to sacrifice their selfish interests, and act in concert, instead of each seeking "his own."

And, indeed, as already has been intimated, these societies



were essentially religious, having each its patron saint: the embroiderers, Our Lady; the carpenters, St. Joseph; the tent-makers, St. Paul; the bookbinders, St. John; and so on; the feasts of the Saints being kept with great devotion. The law no further acted than by enforcing among the members of the confraternities the engagements they had thereby contracted to each other; just as to this day penalties levied by "byelaws" are recoverable at common law. But the erection of these confraternities, and the entering into them, were purely voluntary; and the work of the Church, who infused into society the spirit of fraternity, which led to their formation. In our Statute-book many references may be seen to these "guilds" or "fraternities," as simply recognised by the law; and in one act they are described as having been erected by the people "merely out of devotion;" which is a clear legislative recognition of the credit of their establishment being exclusively due to the Church; the "devotion" she had created and kept up among the people.

And thus things were, so long as society continued true to the Church; and thus they would have remained, had not the Church been interfered with, or rather checked, controlled, and counteracted, and all her good work of unity and peace marred, defeated, and defaced, by the selfish legislation of the State. Prompted by the selfish feelings of those who "cared not for the poor," nor for the Church, who was their protector, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." An evil generation arose, who, wearied of the Church, envied her her endowments, which she shared with the poor, and hated the power she exercised for their protection; and when this evil spirit of covetousness and selfishness was in the hearts of the "great men," it was inevitable that they should assail the poor and the Church together; that they who coveted the property of the Church should grudge the wages of the poor; that those who sought to cripple her power, should seek also to enslave those on whose behalf she exercised it. And it was so. It cannot be merely a coincidence: it is an important, instructive, and pregnant fact, that at the period when took place the first formal legislative encroachments on the Church, arose the first legislative aggression upon the poor. So it is. The first statute of mortmain, directed against the religious houses, to prevent their acquiring land, passed in the reign of Henry III.; in whose reign the Parliament made the first declaration of a feeling adverse to the authority of the Church. To appreciate the significance of the statute of mortmain upon this subject, it is requisite to remark that the precepts and example of the religious led to the greatest liberality towards the poor, and of



course tended to keep up the rate of wages. The voice of history, and the recitals of the acts of Parliament themselves, alike attest that these resources were principally expended in charity and hospitality; and although, of course, the obligations of religion, and dictates of reason, would prevent them from maintaining in idleness those who were able but averse to work, their alms would protect the poor from that pressure of poverty which compels them to take whatever wages are offered, however inadequate. Hence, the statutes of mortmain, though directly and immediately affecting the religious houses, indirectly and remotely, but not the less really, bore upon the poor, and affected the rate of wages; for the more the resources of the religious houses were restrained, the less relief could be dispensed to the poor, the greater would be the pressure upon them, and the more unfavourable the condition of labour.\* It was not long, however, ere direct legislation was resorted to against the poor, precisely in the reign in which passed the first act against the Holy See.

In the reign of Edward III. an act was passed against almsgiving, reciting, that "Because many valiant beggars, as long as they may live of begging, do refuse to labour, giving themselves to idleness and vice, and sometimes to theft and other abominations; none, upon the pain of imprisonment, shall, under colour of pity or alms, give any thing to such which may labour, so that thereby they may be compelled to labour." This was quite of a piece with the statutes of mortmain: both were acts against alms-giving; the one against alms (of land) to the Church, the other against alms (of money or meat) to the poor. The object, nature, and effect, were much the same in both cases and as to each class of statutes, viz. love of money. In a former series of papers, *On the Encroachments of the State upon the Church*, we shewed that this "root of all evil" was the "root of bitterness" which wrought and rankled into the fatal schism of the Reformation. And we shall see the same spirit actuating the legislation designed to depress the poor beneath the rich.

Concurrently with a series of acts of Parliament directed against the Church, commenced another series directed against the rights of the labouring classes. An act of Edward III.

\* An act of Henry V. recites "that many hospitals founded by the kings of this realm, and lords spiritual and temporal, to which the founders had given a great part of their moveable goods, and lands and tenements, to sustain impotent men and women, and to nourish, relieve, and refresh other poor people" (*i. e.* those not impotent — "able-bodied" labourers), "be now for the most part decayed, and the goods and profits of the same, by divers persons, spiritual and temporal, withdrawn and spent on other uses, whereby many men and women have died in great misery, for default of living, aid, and succour." Of course the effect of this must have been to increase the competition for wages, along with the poverty and distress of the poor.

recites, "Because many, seeing the necessity of masters, and the great scarcity of servants, will not serve unless they may receive excessive wages, and some rather willing to beg in idleness than by labour to get their living; we, considering the grievous incommunities which of the lack especially of ploughmen and such labourers may come;" and then proceeds to enact, "that every man and woman able in body, and not having of his own whereof he may live, if he be required to serve, shall be bounden to serve him who shall so him require, and take only the wages which were accustomed to be given in the places where he oweth to serve in the twentieth year of the king's reign, or the five or six common years next before; and if any such man or woman, being so required to serve, will not the same do, he shall be taken and committed to the common gaol, there to remain in strict keeping until he find surety to serve." That is, the poor are to be forced to work, but, as some protection, their wages are fixed; for it is provided, "that no man pay, or promise to pay, any servant any more wages than was wont to be paid in the twentieth year of the king's reign" (or the five years before), and "that saddlers, skinnners, white tanners, cordwainers, tailors, smiths, carpenters, masons, tilers, shipwrights, carters, and all other artificers and workmen, shall not take for their labour above the same that was wont to be paid in the twentieth year of our reign, or other common years next before; and if any man take more, he shall be committed to gaol." It is obvious that the wages which were "wont to be given" at the time referred to, were less than the labourers now claimed, and there is every reason to believe less than they had a right to claim, *i. e.* less than the wages which would be just and fair and reasonable. It appears that it was difficult to enforce the act; for a subsequent act recites, that, "forasmuch as it is given the king to understand that the said servants having no regard to the said ordinance, but to their own ease and singular covetise, do withdraw (*i. e.* decline) to serve great men and other, unless they have double or treble of what they were wont to take the said twentieth year;" it is enacted, "that carpenters, masons, and tilers, shall not take by the day above so much, and 'their knaves' so much. And that cordwainers and shoemakers shall not sell boots nor shoes, nor none other things touching their mystery, in any other manner than they were wont the said twentieth year; and that goldsmiths, saddlers, horse-smiths, tanners, tailors, and other workmen, shall be sworn to use their crafts in the manner they were wont to do the said twentieth year; and if any refuse, they shall be punished by fine and ransom and imprisonment, at the discretion of the justices."



These "justices" were of course the "great men" who complained of the "excessive wages" of the labourer; and one may imagine the "justice" the poor labourers got at their hands, and may suspect the "singular covetise" of those who framed it. The act was too iniquitous to last in that form; so, after a few disturbances, which the student of history will perhaps recollect or refer to, the act was altered as to the "penalty," and it was "accorded that labourers shall not be punished by fine and ransom," and imprisonment at discretion, but by imprisonment for fifteen days. Nevertheless the labourer did not gain much; for by the same act it is provided, that a labourer "departing from their service" might be branded and "burnt in the forehead with an iron made in the form of the letter F, in token of his falsity."

In the reign of Richard II. we find it ordained that these statutes be firmly held and "put in execution." The result all our readers are aware of—the formidable insurrections under Wat Tyler and others, which, though ascribed by historians (so carelessly is history written by men not acquainted with the laws) only to the pressure of taxation, were obviously excited chiefly by these arbitrary enactments. In the year 1381 (in the same reign) the king, in an act of pardon, speaks of the "insurrection of villains, which of late did traitorously rise in outrageous numbers against God, good faith, and reason;" but we suspect that there was more ground to say that the laws against which they rose were against "God, good faith, and reason." Such, however, were the "strikes" of the middle ages. In the same reign, in the year 1388, it is again ordained, that the statutes of labourers and artificers be firmly kept and holden, and that there be a pair of stocks in every town to *justify* the said labourers and artificers, as is ordained in the said statutes. And it is "ordained" that no labourer shall depart (even) at the end of his term (of service) out of the hundred where he is dwelling, to serve or dwell elsewhere, or by colour to go thence in pilgrimage, unless he have letters patent, &c. It is also "ordained" that, because labourers will not labour without outrageous and excessive hire, they take no more than so much, or "less in the county where less was wont to be given," "without clothing, courtesie, or other reward, (even) by contract." So that even if the employer promised any thing more, he need not have given it. We may imagine how the poor working-people would be "justified," however, under this act, if they complained of low wages! It would appear that the operation of these acts was obstructed by the guilds and confraternities we have before described; for we find an act "against unlawful orders made by masters of



guilds, fraternities, and other companies," which it will be recollected had for ages been recognised by the law, and allowed by Church and State to regulate the rate of wages. The present act recites "that, whereas the masters, wardens, and people of the guilds, fraternities, and other companies incorporate, oftentimes by colour of rule and governance, and other terms in general words to them granted by these charters make themselves many unlawful and unreasonable ordinances"—(*i. e.* against the "ordinances" of the statutes of labourers, which we have described; and any thing which the "great men" considered as against "good faith and reason")—it is then enacted, that no such guilds or fraternities make any ordinances not approved of as reasonable by the "justices!" Afterwards, however, it is enacted, that the "justices shall fix the wages to be paid"—*i. e.* if not by themselves, by their tenants! This iniquitous provision is repeated in the reign of Henry VI., with a revival of the infamous enactment empowering the justices to inflict punishment by fine and imprisonment at discretion! Thus, then, the justices could force the labourers to work for whatever wages they (the justices) pleased to fix; and on refusal could punish them by fine and imprisonment at pleasure! Such was the slavery which the State substituted for the holy and happy liberty which the Church had conferred; such the fetters forged for those whom she had made free! Still let it be remarked that, bad as all this was, the employers had not the power of fixing the wages they were to pay; and the poor had at least the protection of some intermediate power. In the same reign (of Henry VI.) we find an act reciting, "that, by the yearly congregations and confederacies made by the masons in these general chapters and assemblies, the good (?) course and effect of the statutes of labourers be openly violated and broken, in subversion of the law, and to the great damage of the commons;" (*i. e.* the great men who complained of having paid "excessive wages,") and it is enacted, that "such chapters and congregations shall not be hereafter holden; and that if any such be made, they that cause them to be assembled shall be judged felons; and all other masons coming to such chapters and congregations be punished by imprisonment, and make fine and ransom at the king's will."

These acts are curious, because directed against the very combinations which, in our own times, have caused such commotions.

It was manifest that after the suppression of religious houses, the numbers of the poor and the pressure of their poverty would be greatly augmented; and the character of Protestant legislation against them, even in this reign and that

of the pious Edward, is revolting and savage. In the 27th year of Henry was passed an act, that governors of shires, cities, or towns, shall find and keep every aged, poor, and impotent person, by way of voluntary and charitable alms, with such convenient alms as they shall think meet; and shall compel every sturdy beggar to be kept in continual labour; and a "valiant beggar or sturdy vagabond (*i. e.* an able-bodied labourer without work) shall have the upper part of the gristle of his right ear cut of; and if, after that, he be taken wandering in idleness, or doth not apply to his labour, or is not in service with any master, he shall be executed as a felon!" This, be it observed, might be merely because the man refused to work for unjust wages; and, to close the door of charity against him, this act prohibits any "dole or alms," except to the common boxes and gatherings of the parish!

It need hardly be said, that under the last of the Henries, especially after the breach with the Holy See, the legislation against the poor was still more oppressive. Thus, one act provides that "the justices of peace in every county shall give license under their seals to such poor persons to beg within a certain precinct as they shall think to have most need" (so some, who had less need, were to be refused license); "and if any do beg without such license, he shall be whipped, or set in the stocks three days and nights upon bread and water." And a vagabond "taken begging shall be whipped, and then sworn to return to the place where he was born, or last dwelt by the space of three years, and there to put himself to labour." These last words expressively indicate the drift of all these statutes, so uncatholic in their character, even if passed in Catholic times; the object being, in fact, to force the poor to labour for such wages as the rich thought proper. There was no provision made to prevent a man being dealt with as a "valiant beggar" or "sturdy vagabond," who was not in work simply on account of his refusing to work for wages less than what would be fair and just.

An act of Edward VI. recites that "the multitude of people given to idleness and vagabondry hath always been very great," and that the "kings of the realm had 'gone about' and essayed with godly statutes to repress the same; yet not with that success which hath been wished;" and, "partly by foolish pity and mercy, the number of idle and vagabond persons hath increased, and yet do increase;" and then follow cruel enactments, denouncing, for the first offence, branding and slavery; for the second, branding and perpetual slavery; and for the third, death. These were the dooms for simple begging! Such was the legislation of our "Reformers" for the poor!

Well they realised the Scripture promises to those who "consider the poor!"

Of course such savage and barbarous statutes could not long be enforced in a country yet more than half Catholic in character. They were repealed in the reign of Mary, and an "act touching weavers" recited, that the "weavers have complained at divers times, that the rich and wealthy clothiers do many ways oppress them: some by employing persons unskilful, to the decay of a great number of artificers which were brought up to the said science of weaving: some by giving much less wages and hire than in times past they did."

This preamble is curious, as shewing that in those days precisely the same complaints were made (and especially, be it observed, as to the employment of unskilled persons) which are at this moment made by the manufacturing artisans. And it is also important as a parliamentary testimony, that after the Reformation people began to give less wages than they had been wont to pay; and less than Parliament deemed just. And it is pretty plain that the "godly statutes" passed by the Puritans had tended very much to the prejudice of the working classes, and the profit of the men of money, who of course pocketed the difference between just and unjust wages. It is important to observe here, that the two complaints, of the employment of unskilled persons, and the payment of unjust wages, are closely connected, and placed in juxtaposition; for of course the employers' only object in having unskilled workmen was to pay them less wages; and of course the only objection of the regular workmen was, that these unskilled men were employed to do skilled work, for which they were not properly fitted, while the regular workmen were; a system clearly prejudicial to the purchaser, as tending to the production of inferior articles; and Parliament, which had enacted many statutes to prevent the sale of such inferior manufactures, now decidedly pronounced *against* the system of employing unskilful men to do skilled work, merely in order to enable the employer to pocket more profit. The act provides, that a weaver shall have but two apprentices; and that none shall be a weaver unless he have been apprenticed. The principle of these provisions was upheld in the reign of Elizabeth, very early in whose reign (in 1562) an act was passed reciting that there remained in force a great many acts on the subject; and that "the wages limited in many of them were too small;" and could not, "without the great grief and burden of the poor labourer," be enforced. It is obvious, on the one hand, that the "poor labourer" had been gradually getting the worst of it, and that as the legislature bore harder upon the Church, it



had also borne harder upon the poor. Still England (as we have already observed) was half Catholic in character, and therefore this act again exhibits a great deal of the old Catholic feeling as respects the working classes. It confirms, as before intimated, the principle of the two provisions of the act of Mary, extending it unto all "crafts" or "mysteries;" and enacting that no person shall exercise them without having been apprenticed; and that for every three apprentices a workman shall be employed. It also enacts that no workman shall be retained for less than a year: a most important provision, leading to prevent that fluctuating and fleeting character which now, it is universally complained, too often attaches to the relation of employer and employed. It then enacted that the hours of work should be in winter from "spring of day" till "night" (*i. e.* eight and six), and in summer from five till between seven and eight, *i. e.* about twelve hours, deducting two hours and a half allowed for meals. And, for the regulation of wages, it was provided, that the justices in counties, and mayors in towns, should assemble yearly, and calling unto them "grave and discreet persons," and conferring with them, fix the amount of wages in the several occupations for the ensuing year. It is apparent that this act is, to a great extent, equitable towards the labouring classes. Ten years more, however, of Protestantism and pauperism produced a great deterioration in the character of the legislation on the subject; and, enraged by the increase of vagrancy (that natural consequence of the confiscation of the monasteries), Parliament relapsed into the barbarism of the first year of Edward VI., passing an act directing that a vagabond should be "grievously whipped" and burned through the gristle of the right ear with an hot iron of the compass of an inch, unless some credible person will take him into service for a year; and "if he fall again into a roguish life, he shall suffer death as a felon."

The object of this act could not have been only to force the labourer, by terror of greater penalties than before, to take such wages as were offered him, according to the standard of wages settled under the previous act by the justices in conference with the "grave and discreet persons;" for the acceptance of such wages, if the act were fairly complied with, could scarcely be otherwise than very willing on the part of the workmen, and could not have required to be forced on them by such dreadful penalties. But the object plainly was, to hold over the working classes the terror of such terrific punishment in case of refusal of work, as to enable the justices to fix, or the employers to offer, a far lower rate of wages than it would otherwise have been safe to proffer. The

act, in short, exhibits the savage selfishness of the Puritan spirit, struggling to subdue and supersede the half-Catholic character of the previous statute for settling the standard of wages, as some protection to the poor, and at all events an effective arbitrement between them and the rich.

Towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, however, it was found that such severe measures were certain to be failures, by reason of what the puritanical Parliaments were fond of calling "foolish pity and mercy of those who should enforce them;" so, in 1597, the inhuman enactments alluded to were repealed, and the comparatively mild coercion of houses of correction invented. How puzzled the Parliaments of Reformed England were (then as ever since) by the problem of labour, and what a medley of ideas confused the Protestant mind on the subject, can be seen in a subsequent statute for encouraging the erection of "hospitals, *maisons de Dieu*, houses of correction, or abiding places for the poor;" *i. e.* any "abiding places," prisons, or hospitals, so as only to get rid of the "great difficulty" of Protestantism, *poverty*.

The difficulty evidently was, how to deal with such as were temporarily unable to get work. The Catholic system was *charity*; the Protestant system was *cruelty*. The Catholic system was to *relieve* by alms; the Protestant system was to *refuse* relief, from a selfish apprehension that men who could get any alms would not be so anxious to work, or would be less ready to accept *any* wages that might be offered. The Protestant plan has been to put a pressure upon the poor, to leave them in as much poverty as possible, in order that they may be more at the mercy of the employers.

It is easy to see that the act of Elizabeth, settling a standard of wages, would be an obstacle in the way of such a system, supposing it to be fairly enforced, which probably it often was not; and even if it were, why, it would be easily evaded when there was no fund of relief for the poor to fall back upon. And to deprive them of any such resource, or any means of relief, was clearly the primitive policy of Protestantism, *i. e.* to let the poor be at the mercy of Mammon. It was found, however, that the system could not be quite enforced without greater outrages upon humanity than the nation would bear. And so, at the end of Elizabeth's long reign, in 1601, was passed the original poor-law, which provided that the parish officers might levy rates for "setting to work" such as had "no means to maintain themselves." Such was the basis of our present poor-law system, substituted by the Protestant Parliament, after half a century of barbarous proscription, for the old Catholic way of dealing with the poor; such

is the only resource for relief or support to which the working classes can resort; and to that they cannot, unless the parish officers, representing the very classes who pay both rates and wages, deem that there are no means of maintenance; which they are hardly likely to deem, if any work, for any wages at all, have been offered. It serves to shew very significantly the spirit in which Protestantism has all along dealt with the poor, to state, that under this act, wages, avowedly insufficient for the labourer's support, used to be eked out by relief from the rates! *i. e.* by collusion with the parish officers, employers paid less wages than the labourer could subsist upon, and made up the deficiency out of rates levied on the rest of the parishioners! Under such a system, of course the working classes were virtually in the power of their employers; and the statute of Elizabeth, for arbitrating wages, could scarcely be much protection to them, when liable to be compelled to take any wages they might be offered.

The only way the workmen had of protecting themselves against the injustice of inadequate wages was, of course, to refuse to work at all; or to agree to work, and then claim the fair wages on the ground that the act of Elizabeth had not been observed, and the rate of wages had not been arbitrated upon.

From the language used in the recitals of numerous acts of Parliament passed in the last century, it seems that great difficulties had arisen on the subject in the manufacturing districts, where the workmen, more intelligent than the agricultural labourers, were not so easily to be imposed upon, and would not willingly submit to see themselves defrauded of part of their just wages to swell the profits of the capitalist. There is reason to believe that the act of Elizabeth was often appealed to by the artisans; and it is obvious that the Protestant legislature must have found themselves in considerable perplexity on the question. The act, while it existed, gave the artisan a right to an independent arbitration of wages; and it could scarcely be seemly to repeal so fair and equitable an enactment. The course pursued, accordingly, is most evasive. An act is passed, empowering justices to enforce any contracts of employment, although the rate of wages may not have been arbitrated. The effect of course was, that the act of Elizabeth, although not expressly repealed, was quietly got rid of; for if the workmen once accepted employment at any wages, they could be compelled to work, however unjust the terms; and so they were reduced to this sole resource, the refusal of work, *i. e.* to what is called a "strike."

Of course strikes ensued, and the combinations, without which strikes could not be effective.



And it is recited by a statute passed in 1725, that "great numbers of weavers and others have lately formed themselves into unlawful clubs and societies, and have presumed, contrary to law, to enter into combinations, and make by-laws or orders, by which they pretend to regulate the trade and prices of goods, and advance their own wages unreasonably; and many other things to the like purpose." And then the act declares such combinations illegal, and imposes the penalty of imprisonment on those who take part in them. We have already said these combinations on the part of the workmen were (and are now deemed to be) quite legal; being only combinations to settle between themselves what wages they would take, just as masters agreed among themselves what wages they would give; and as no one ever imagined the latter combinations illegal, there was no pretence for supposing the former to be so. And the reason for the combination of workmen is obvious enough from the recital of an act in the same reign, that "divers controversies and disputes had arisen between the clothiers and makers of woollen goods, and the manufacturers employed by them;" which disputes and controversies, when arising about wages, there were then no means resorted to for the purpose of adjusting and determining, as there would have been under the act of Elizabeth, or under that act of Mary, which our readers will recollect recites, that "rich and wealthy clothiers do many ways oppress the weavers;" a statement not less true now than then.

The regulation of wages, from the time of George I. to the present, has been left to be adjusted by the masters and men among themselves.

Such is the state in which Protestantism, after three centuries of shifting legislation, places the question at this moment. We have seen recently the practical result.

The statutes referred to passed since the Revolution—doing away tacitly or expressly with the old Catholic or semi-Catholic acts, which provided protection of some kind for the working-classes as well as for their masters—were all passed under the influence of the masters, *i.e.*, of the men of money; whose "interest" became then paramount, and was always the main support of the Whigs. Consequently, they are all for the protection of the masters, and not at all for the protection of the men. Amidst a long series of statutes, from the Revolution to the present time, passed for the encouragement of every manufacturer, there has not been any enactment for the protection of the men. There are, it is true, provisions for deciding disputes between them and their masters; but that of course was necessary for the sake of the masters. What

we mean is, that while there is an enormous accumulation of enactments in favour of capital, there is not one in favour of labour; while there are innumerable provisions for the protection of the masters' interest, there is not a solitary one for the protection of the men's. And, in particular, though there are plenty of clauses to make the men do their work, and not combine for greater wages, and so forth, there is none to secure them a fair rate of wages, nor reasonable hours of work. And, above all, no provision is made for a tribunal of arbitration upon these important points, such as was established by the act of Elizabeth, in accordance with those of Edward III.

Now, we repeat, these modern acts were all passed by the masters, the men of money; and this consideration at once occurs: if they deemed any arbitration would be for their interest or for their protection, they would have taken care to restore or provide it. Their not doing so, coupled with their obstinate opposition to it at this moment, and the earnestness of the men in asking for it, is clear proof that the masters know the practical result of leaving them to deal with the men upon the questions of wages and hours of work must be, that they, the masters, will get the best of it; that is, that the masters will eventually get the men's labour for less wages than under any fair system of arbitration—that is, less than fair and just wages. This, we repeat, is clearly the conviction of masters and men.

How can it be otherwise? The most clear advocates of the masters know the reason why, viz. that the masters have (in Lord Cranworth's language) "an immense advantage over the men," inasmuch as the masters are not obliged to employ the men, while the men are under a necessity of being employed by the masters. The employers can do without the work, the employed cannot do without the wages; the masters are men of money, the artisans are men without money; the former can wait, the latter cannot (at least it is not likely they can wait so long as the masters); in a word, the former are capitalists, the latter are labourers; and the effect of the Protestant system is to force the labourers to work for the capitalists on such terms as the capitalists choose to offer. It is not so enacted, but it is virtually effected. It is the necessary result of leaving two parties to contract, one of whom is not in reality, though he may be nominally, free to elect whether to accept or reject the terms offered by the other.

Such (we repeat) is the way in which Protestantism has dealt with this social problem: such the state to which it has brought the working classes and their employers! We do not

desire to enter into the controversy between them; but, in order to illustrate our observations, let us quote a passage or two upon each side of the question. The *Morning Herald*, the advocate of the workmen, says, "The demand of the men is for the abolition of systematic overtime and piece-work; but they are ready to submit their case to any impartial tribunal. The masters will not allow of this, and call it 'dictation.' Yet what is there in the demands which those who have the welfare of the labouring classes at heart do not desire? seeing their poorer brethren ground down, ground to atoms, as beneath the upper and nether millstone; and those who ought to help them, perverted by false theories of political economy, refusing to regulate labour; *i. e.* to protect the weaker against the stronger, so that the whole frame-work of society is being reduced to a mere cotton-mill, tearing and roaring on, and on, and on, until the stuff, sinew, and substance which supplied it are consumed." "If (say the men) there were a fairly-constituted board of masters and men to fix prices and see justice done to both parties, the piece-work would be best; but the men ought not to be called upon to labour from morning until night for sixteen hours, from six till ten; while the masters exercised an arbitrary power of fixing the prices, and compelling them to accept them under pain of being cast on the streets."

The gist of the men's complaints is, it is clear, that the masters, under the present system, exercise a kind of moral coercion over the men, and practically regulate what wages shall be given for the work, and what work shall be done for the wages. On the part of the men themselves their grievances are thus stated by one of their spokesmen: "If a mechanic asked to leave at the close of a regular day's work, he was discharged. This was a sample of the compulsory system of 'overtime.' Men were morally compelled, by the fear of losing their employment and having their families left destitute, to accept their employer's terms. Then as to piece-work, there was no objection to it, if on terms equitable and fair to both parties. But the master, knowing the measure of a day's work, if he found on the completion of a job done by piece-work, that the man made more than the regular day's wages, on the next occasion offered a reduction; the man was forced to take it, and worked yet harder to keep up his wages at the former rate; and it was clear that this tended to excessive labour, and lessened remuneration. There had been reductions to the extent of one-half thus effected."

The masters, in their manifesto, say, "All we want is to be let alone. With every respect for noble and distinguished



referees, whose arbitration has been tendered, and with no reason to doubt that their award would be honest, intelligent, and satisfactory, we must take leave to say that we alone are the competent judges of our own business, and masters of our own establishments, and it is our firm determination to remain so. Ours is the risk of loss; ours the capital, its perils and engagement. We claim, and are resolved to assert, the right of every British subject, to do what we like with our own; and to vindicate the right of the workmen to the same constitutional privilege. Artisans and their employers are respectively individuals, each legally capable of consent, each severally entitled to contract. Our agreements for their services are made with them in their separate, not their aggregate capacity. They have labour and skill to sell, we have capital to employ and to pay. Who, then, shall stand between these two parties to a lawful contract, and dictate to us what we shall pay?"

It is obvious that all this proceeds upon that principle of isolation—in other words, of selfishness—which we have shewn, even upon Protestant testimony, is so identified with infidelity, and is so utterly opposed to Catholicity,—which tends, as it has been seen, to counteract the selfish in man's nature by means of the principle of association. The principle of Protestantism, or of isolation, is, as developed in the argument of the advocates of the masters, that each man is to act, employer or employed, only as if he were the only individual affected by his actions; as though, for instance, if he worked overtime, other persons would not be obliged to do so too, or to suffer loss, and so of every thing else. Thus the masters contend for the uncontrolled right of every employer to contract for the services of any British subject he pleases; by which they mean, "on any terms they please," for such, as we have shewn, is the practical result, if the man be obliged to accept whatever terms are offered, or to lose employment altogether; and the effect of his acceptance be, to impose on all the others the same alternative. Such is the inevitable result of the principle of isolation, which, we have seen, is the principle of Protestantism—that is, of sectarianism, of egotism, and of atheism.

The real character of these principles we will state in the words of a Protestant journalist. The *Herald* says: "Of the disunion which exists in our manufacturing districts between masters and men we have had very striking and fatal proofs within the last few weeks. That disunion is not confined to the engineers. It runs through all the ranks of mechanical labour, and is almost inevitable on a state of things where men come and go, where property rapidly changes hands, and where

nothing, in fact, binds master to man, except the weakest and most shifting of all bonds—mutual interest. Other than this there is no tie of union between them; there is nothing to appeal to, not only when their respective interests seem incompatible, but when, as in the present case, they are thought to be so. Nothing, then, remains but the annihilation of one or the other, so far at least as regards their relations of master and man; and nothing can shew this more clearly than the present dispute, wherein the only arguments used, by one side at least, had reference only to self-interest."

Thus, upon Protestant testimony, we convict Protestantism of the curse of a system of organised selfishness, of which the essence is, "Every man for himself, and only for himself;" instead of the old Catholic and English feeling, "Live and let live."

And the result—what is it? We will shortly state, in the language of the *Debats*:—"We believe that the contest going on at present in England between the masters and workmen, between capital and wages, is more connected than is imagined with general politics, and may be attended with consequences of interest to all other countries; and that there is at the bottom of this agitation of the working-classes a principle of social revolution is what is not contested, and men begin to admit it, even in England. It is not generally known what formidable progress the Socialist doctrines have made among the working classes in England. It is probable that the workmen who are in coalition will be obliged to capitulate, because starved out. But on that account will peace be established? The workmen will return to the factories with feelings of humiliation and hostility, and the war of the two classes will be perpetuated silently until a new explosion takes place. That cannot be a sound social state which presents the spectacle of two great classes arranged in battle array, one with numbers on its side, the other with money. If the struggle should continue for some time, immense losses must ensue on both sides, and eventually it is the country itself which will lose by the contest. The position assumed at present by the two parties, workmen and masters, leads to a double suicide. This antagonism of interests and classes assumes in England proportions more and more alarming; and the peril of such a situation is augmented, when the upper classes, the governing ones, afford the spectacle of a radical inability to solve the great social problem."

Such is exactly the conclusion to which we contemplated conducting our readers,—that Protestantism cannot settle the question how the rich are to satisfy the poor; how the wealthy

class is to live with the working class in unity, harmony, and peace. We have appealed to history to shew how Catholicity did this. These passing events conclusively shew how lamentably Protestantism fails to do it.

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## KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

### CHAPTER V. *The Betrothed.*

JOSEPHINE BRADSHAW was the only child of Lady Mary Malvern, the twin sister of Lord Lindore, who, a few years before her father's death, had displeased her whole family by clandestinely quitting the paternal roof, and bestowing her hand on a young Lieutenant in the Guards, one whose only patrimony consisted in an ancient though decayed name, his pay being eked out by a small allowance from his aunt, Mrs. Selby. Theirs was of course a thrice-told tale; an acquaintance commenced at Brighton, love at first sight, half a dozen walks on the sands, a careless governess, an intriguing maid,—and the foolish girl found herself, she scarcely knew how, an alien from her father's house, and the wife of one whose deep love too soon gave birth to undying remorse, when he became aware of the irrevocable misery he had entailed upon her for whom his very existence would have been esteemed too light a sacrifice.

Lady Mary's earnest and repeated solicitations for forgiveness were met with chilling silence: to the first alone was an answer vouchsafed. "If Lord Lindore's daughter chose to return to her father's house, he would yet receive her, on condition that her husband accepted an East Indian appointment, and they would mutually promise never to meet again." This offer, indignantly refused, was not repeated; and on the birth of the little Josephine, two years after her parents' marriage, the affliction of poor Bradshawe reached its climax.

Five years after, Josephine was an orphan, and an inmate of her uncle Lord Lindore's house. At seventeen she was still domesticated there. To one differently constituted from herself, the nine years thus passed would have been those of unalloyed happiness; yet, somehow or other, Josephine was not content. Lady Lindore said it was her disposition; the governess insinuated it was her uncle's indulgence; the Earl insisted they did not understand her; and the girl herself left them to their several opinions without vouchsafing any explanation.



In short, the young orphan had, ever since her residence amongst them, been a problem to the whole family. Inconsolable for her mother's loss, it was some time before her attention could be in the slightest degree diverted or her grief moderated; and as the Countess considered passive acquiescence all that was required of her, the task of consolation devolved on her uncle and Miss Pomroy, the governess engaged on her arrival. Anxious to atone for his neglect of his now deeply regretted sister, Lord Lindore lavished all a parent's tenderness on her child; and as she was generally considered as his adopted daughter, she was spared the nameless petty trials usually so keenly felt by those who fill a subordinate situation. There were, too, in the Earl's household one or two old servants who remembered her beautiful mother, and by them the faults of Josephine's character were carefully fostered, with a most laudable inattention to the child's future happiness.

Until her thirteenth year, the contests between herself and governess were of daily occurrence. Gifted with a wonderful memory and deep reflective powers, Josephine would only study what and how she pleased; but when at length she peremptorily refused *wasting* further time with either her music or dancing master, the consternation of Miss Pomroy knew no bounds. In a long interview with Lord Lindore, she expatiated on the obstinacy of his niece—the effects of her bad example on the young mind of Lady Angela—winding up with such a high-wrought picture of the evils which must accrue from her own violated authority, that her auditor could scarce refrain from laughing outright.

“Miss Bradshawe has such a very strong mind, such peculiar religious opinions, that really Miss Pomroy was not at all times able to satisfy her; and if Miss Pomroy's advice were asked, she should be inclined to fear, that, notwithstanding her very orthodox bringing up, Miss Bradshawe would soon have no religion at all.” This settled the question; come what might, the Earl was resolved every member of his family should be staunch Protestants; and, much to the satisfaction both of Josephine and her governess, the latter was ordered to confine her instructions solely to Angela, the former to pass a certain number of hours daily in her uncle's library.

There was much in this arrangement flattering to the self-love of both master and pupil. Indifferent, even disdainful, in her demeanour to all else, Josephine evinced a decided affection for her uncle, and would cheerfully yield to his will, even when it jarred with her own inclinations. She, however, possessed one characteristic, which had even attracted the observation of the apathetic Lady Lindore: from her first intro-

duction into the family, Josephine had evinced a decided distaste to female society; a prejudice which had gained ground with her years, and of which poor Miss Pomroy was destined to feel the full effects. Thus the infant Cyril occupied a large portion of her attention, whilst the prattling and engaging Angela was unheeded. The Earl, who was of opinion that the early loss of her mother had soured a too sensitive nature, would not allow her, even on this point, to be thwarted, and eagerly prepared himself for a task, which he mentally offered as a reparation to the shade of his lost sister. It, however, brought its own reward; the branches of literature chosen by her uncle were exactly those in which Josephine most delighted. To a capability for hard study she united a dangerously vivid imagination, strength of mind amounting to obstinacy when once her resolution was taken, and yet a fluctuation before she did decide, which was by many mistaken for feebleness of purpose. Under a cold exterior she carefully concealed ardent and deep affections; in fact, though conscious of their existence, she regarded them as useless, and the possibility of their being awakened into activity by any whom she was ever likely to encounter, never once occurred to her. If Josephine had no taste for music, it was not so with poetry; hour after hour would she pour over the pages of Tasso, until her own existence was almost forgotten in that created by the poet's strains; in fact, but for that "religious curiosity" condemned by Miss Pomroy, Josephine stood a fair chance of becoming a wild, enthusiastic visionary.

Content as he was in other respects, on this point Lord Lindore found much to do and undo. His niece had been duly versed in the Church Catechism; taken to a fashionable West-end chapel every fine Sunday morning; compelled to recite an alternate French and English grace; and being of an inquiring turn, had moreover received ample doses of Miss Pomroy's own private opinions of Popish practices, accompanied by authentic anecdotes from that young lady's personal knowledge during a six months' residence on the continent, and which tended to confirm her own opinion, that "a worshipper of Moloch was in every respect a better Christian than a Catholic, and the Koran a work, she would venture to state, containing more of the vital principles of Christianity than a Roman Missal, though, she was proud to say, she was equally ignorant of both."

As the light summer-breeze on the calm surface of the unruffled lake, did all this pass over the unprejudiced mind of Josephine; and the Earl found with surprise, that although his niece had not the slightest bias in favour of the Church of



Rome, she was equally free as regarded the Church of England. She had been all her life a great Bible reader, more for the sake of the poetry she gleaned from the pages of the Old Testament, and what she was pleased to style the sublime moral philosophy of the New, than from any devotional feeling. To please her uncle, she recommenced her theological studies, waded through the heavy theological works with which his library abounded, gradually discontinued all her religious exercises, absented herself from the church-going party, and came to the conclusion, that since the Gospels were written by men who existed fifteen hundred years previous to the establishment of the English Church, and that according to the doctrines of the reformed religion error had crept in, thereby falsifying the promise written in the inspired pages, the whole must want the stamp of divine revelation. Of Catholic doctrines she was profoundly ignorant; of Protestant she knew all that was to be known; and one by one she dismissed these latter as untenable; so that, after a few years of deep study and painful uncertainty, Josephine Bradshawe became a confirmed Deist.

This was a severe shock to her uncle; yet he consoled himself by reflecting it might be worse—time would work wonders—she was still very young, and his influence over her mind was unbounded. Yet, alas for Josephine! the peace she had expected from her new, or rather her want of belief, was more remote from her bosom than ever: devoid as she considered herself of prejudices, she believed still in the moral certainty of a future state, and the necessity of a revealed religion. But where was it to be found? Her brain became a chaos; she thought of death and trembled. *If she should be mistaken?* Ah no! she was right, or why was the reformed religion split into so many sects, each loudly condemning the other? She knew not to whom to apply for advice and consolation. To a Protestant clergyman? None such could point out any thing of which she was not already aware. A Catholic priest? it was worse than useless. Her agony increased; she would start from her sleep, quit her bed in the dead of night, and on her knees, with streaming eyes, pour forth an earnest prayer, that if there were indeed a revealed religion, she might be taught to know it, and that once known, she might embrace it at any sacrifice, even though the penalty were life itself; and then in the desolation of her self-reliance she would implore that one might be sent to lead her to the truth she sought, and she would bow her proud will, and obey him with that child-like docility which as a child she had never practised.



This mental anguish was not without its physical effect on Josephine: she became thin, pale, restless in her manner; there was an occasional lustre in her dark-blue eye, and a hectic tinge on her cheek, which made Lord Lindore dread lest the seeds of the fatal disease which had destroyed the mother lurked in the frame of her still more tenderly beloved offspring.

Seriously alarmed, and blaming himself for having overtaxed her powers, the Earl consulted with his wife; and it was decided that, in order to effect an entire revolution of ideas, Josephine should be brought out the following spring, being six months before she had attained her eighteenth year. An event, however, occurred before this period which materially altered the views of all parties.

Edgar Lord Wellborne was the only son of an ancient and wealthy peer, a college friend of the Earl of Lindore's, who in consequence lavished on the young man himself no inconsiderable share of affection: this was no doubt occasioned by the partiality evinced by Edgar for his society, and the hours passed by the latter in the Earl's library became matter of profound speculation to match-making mammas or dowagers with marriageable grand-daughters. It was not long ere these inquisitive fair ones discovered, that in addition to Lord Lindore's invaluable black letters, he possessed a more powerful magnet in the person of his blue-eyed Josephine, who studied with and argued against Lord Wellborne, until the latter was head-over-ears in love.

The religious peculiarities, of which she made no secret, alone caused him to hesitate; but even these melted as snow before the danger of allowing her to pass the ordeal of her first season free to be sought and won. Matters were, therefore, arranged long before the eventful spring; and Edgar Wellborne was received by the Earl as the future husband of his niece; their confidence did not, however, for the present extend to the Countess, who would have been shocked by so gross a violation of fashionable etiquette as engaging a young lady before her introduction.

And for a time Josephine was happy; the unknown yet ardent aspirations of her heart, the golden day-dreams of her imagination, were realised; there was in Edgar's character much which assimilated with her own, and more to be respected and admired; so, without a moment's hesitation, she set about the task of moulding her disposition to that of him, whom, with a girl's romantic and all-absorbing love, she regarded as the future master of her destiny. For a time it even appeared as if she might be brought to adopt his creed

merely because it was his: the colour re-visited her cheek, the smile hovered round her lip; happy herself, she sought to make others so, and, from the playful Angela to her stately mother, all declared Josephine to be an altered being. Yet was not her conscience altogether quiet: again and again would she be assailed by doubts and scruples, again and again were they checked by the counter-thought of Edgar; the love of the Creator was merged in that of the creature; and although Josephine Bradshawe was neither accused of "worshipping picture or image," her heart was the temple of idolatry in the truest acceptation of the term.

It was in vain, however, that she endeavoured to persuade herself to attend once more the Protestant form of worship. Here even affection became powerless; she could not and would not act the hypocrite. About this time the illness of his father compelled the temporary absence of Lord Wellborne; and Josephine, left to herself, had once more time to think; that ever-troublesome conscience was again aroused, and again did she determine to study: but how? where? One evening, whilst searching in the library for some thrice-read book, an old volume covered with dust fell at her feet; opening it mechanically, she started with surprise,—it was a French work, written by Des Mahis, professing to prove the *Catholic religion* from the holy Scriptures.

A month after this night Lord Lindore sat alone; a heavy volume lay spread before him, but his eyes wandered over the pages without his mind retaining a single line of its contents. He was pondering on the late strange conduct of his niece, assigning to himself every possible or impossible reason for the sudden alteration in her manners and appearance; to his anxious questionings she had opposed an unbroken silence, and but for letters he had himself received, he would have assigned some quarrel between herself and Wellborne as the probable cause. Yet Josephine (and her uncle knew it) was not one to fritter away her happiness for a caprice; and the more he ruminated, the more involved in mystery became the whole affair. A light touch on his shoulder aroused him from his reverie; and turning hastily round, he beheld the object itself standing by his side.

"Do I disturb you?" she inquired, in that low tone of forced composure, more expressive of the soul's struggles than the most passionate intonations; "I wished to speak to you on a (to me) most important subject—"

"For Heaven's sake, what is the matter, Josephine?" inquired the Earl, positively startled by the strong resemblance her countenance bore to that of his sister when he had last



beheld her. "You will drive me mad by this unaccountable conduct. Are you ill, my child, or unhappy?"

"I will not keep you in suspense, dear uncle; it can answer no purpose, as my mind is now made up: in one word, I am resolved on becoming a Catholic."

Had the earth suddenly yawned beneath his feet, or a bolt from heaven entered the room where he sat, Lord Lindore could not have been more surprised, more shocked, than by these few words: his face grew purple, his brain reeled, and his voice was literally choked by concentrated passion. A few minutes succeeded of ominous silence, while shading his brow with his hand he pondered the words he had just heard; too well acquainted with his niece's unbending character to suppose that, if her resolution were really taken, *he* had power to alter it, he determined to leave the task to him who had the greatest hold on her affections, hoping that in her case, as in many others, the heart would prove too powerful for the conscience. Taking her hand, and retaining it with something more of anger than affection, he coldly answered: "I know you too well, Josephine, and that wilfulness of disposition which you style firmness, to endeavour to shake your determination, if it indeed *be* taken; yet, although in other respects I have allowed you perfect liberty of conscience, you are of course aware that, by becoming a Catholic you estrange yourself from my heart and roof for ever. I could forgive much in Mary's child; yet a step like this both my principles and position forbid me to regard otherwise than with feelings of unqualified displeasure. Nay, hear me out; until Lord Wellborne's return, this subject is interdicted between us; to *him* make known your final determination, and either prepare at once to become his wife, or remove to the residence of your father's aunt, Mrs. Selby, to whom I shall allow an adequate sum for your proper maintenance." So saying he released his grasp, and, without waiting a reply, arose, and with a slow and stately step quitted the apartment.

Autumn had deepened into winter; it was about eight o'clock on a dreary December evening that Josephine entered the spacious library of Malvern House, and almost unconsciously assumed her usual seat in a heavy carved oak chair, which seemed coeval with the building itself. The lamps were unlighted, but the blaze of a large cheerful fire rendered surrounding objects visible, yet with that flickering indistinctness which allows full play to the imagination, causing them to assume a thousand fantastic shapes. This was Josephine's favourite hour; and as the bright flames played on her rich dark robe and pale countenance, now illumining it, now leav-



ing it in shadow, it required no great stretch of fancy to invest her with the attributes of some enchantress, at whose bidding quaint forms and unearthly beings peopled that ancient room. For herself, she thought not of external objects; there was matter enough within to engross her full attention, and henceforth every power of her mind must be bent to combat the temptation which she knew to be inevitable: the die was cast,—that very morning had Josephine Bradshawe been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church—and (for she deceived herself not) the sentence of eternal separation been pronounced between Edgar Wellborne and herself. Though her heart throbbed with agony, there was a peace within her soul which defied her utmost skill to analyse; yet her frail nature, unschooled in endurance, actually writhed as she thought of the one bitter trial—the parting from her cherished dream of happiness: the future prospect she dared not, could not contemplate. The first seed of humility had, however, fallen into the young convert's soul. She, so proud, so unbending, so self-relying, actually feared herself; felt her own weakness, and sought for aid, where it is never sought in vain. How long this train of thought continued she knew not; heedless of the lapse of time, she mused on, until a hurried tread causing her to turn, she beheld the very person who at the moment engrossed her every thought, Edgar Wellborne! Starting to her feet, she uttered a low cry, and for a moment trembled so violently as to be able to support herself with difficulty.

“Josephine, my own Josephine!” he exclaimed, “I am returned at last. But why did you not write? have you been ill? how very thin and pale you look!”

“My head aches,” she answered absently, pressing her hand to her forehead, with a look of such painful bewilderment as to awaken a thousand alarms in the bosom of Lord Wellborne.

“But are you not glad to see me? My love, what is the meaning of all this? Something must be the matter, you are so changed.”

“I am indeed changed, Edgar,” said the poor girl, with a violent effort to recover her composure; it was, however, useless, and, laying her head on his shoulder, she gave way to a violent burst of tears. This display of emotion, so unusual in Josephine, completed Wellborne's surprise. Whilst with one arm he supported her sinking form, he with the other forcibly raised her head, and throwing back the clustering curls, gazed long and searchingly in her face. Evidently there was something in the scrutiny which displeased him,

for his colour heightened, and an expression of painful doubt flitted athwart his countenance, as he inquired in a tone bordering on severity:

“Josephine! Miss Bradshawe! I will be answered; once more, what is the meaning of all this?”

“I cannot, dare not tell you now,” she replied, in a voice choked by sobs; “give me but a week, a day, and you shall know all.”

“Then there *is* something to tell; and do you think I can pass a night in suspense like this? But I will save you the trouble of a painful avowal; my absence, short as it was, has proved too much for your fidelity, in one word, you are false!”

This accusation had an instantaneous effect in recalling Josephine’s self-possession; extricating herself from him, she returned his indignant glance by one of sorrowful determination, and replied with greater calmness than she had yet manifested:

“Your own heart will be my best extenuation. Yet, Edgar, your words are in some degree prophetic; this meeting will, in all human probability, be our last; at any rate you shall know the worst; but mark me, Edgar, I *have* borne, *can* bear much, but not from you; leave me, but do not upbraid me!—I am a Catholic!”

The expression of her speaking eye, the thrilling agony of her tone, carried instant conviction to his heart. Sinking into the seat she had quitted, he buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud. It was now Josephine’s turn to console; alarmed at his speechless anguish, she knelt by his side, and endeavoured by every term of endearment to win him from his grief; at length she succeeded, but his tones were so hollow, when he did speak, that she trembled.

“Is the step irrevocably taken?”

“Irrevocably! and dear as you still are, I do not wish it otherwise.”

“Then, Josephine, hear me;” and he took in his own the clasped hands of the still-kneeling girl. “You know the deep-rooted prejudices, the sound religious principles, of both your family and mine (prejudices and principles which I entertain and cherish as deeply as any whose name I bear), but you do *not* know the strength of my affection, you cannot tell how closely every better feeling of my nature is entwined with yours; had you felt thus, you had not acted as you have. Yet one moment, and I have done. I seek no vindication of your motives. My father now lies on his deathbed; as my wife, I offer you the free unconditional exercise of the religion

you have thought proper to embrace, and may this be henceforth the only prohibited topic between us."

Surprise, and, for a moment, a feeling of the purest joy, thrilled through the frame of Josephine; but some after-feeling sent the crimson torrent from her cheek, and left it more pallid than before; she hung her head, and the hands Lord Wellborne still retained became cold and clammy in his grasp.

"I have not quite finished," he continued, as though her emotion had escaped his notice: "I know the exacting nature of the Catholic church; all I can concede I will; those on whom my name and titles may descend must be reared in the faith of their ancestors; for the rest, do as you will; and if I err, may God forgive me."

This was, indeed, Josephine's hour of trial. To reproaches, even to a final separation, she had steeled her heart, in fact she had considered both as inevitable; but for this unprecedented generosity, this deep devotion, she was unprepared, and in her agony she half-audibly exclaimed, "O heavenly Father, let me not be tempted above my strength;" and strength was given her, the strength of the Sacrament she had that day received; her face beamed with grateful affection, as, pressing her lips gently on the hand of Lord Wellborne, she softly murmured:

"I cannot perform my duty by *halves*, nor dare I accept such a sacrifice from you. Edgar, we must indeed part; yet, believe me, even this moment's anguish is outweighed by the knowledge I have acquired of the priceless value of that treasure which I must now resign for ever."

She gently extricated her hand; but Wellborne, giving way to jealous anger at what he regarded as her cold-hearted adherence to a mistaken sense of duty, sprang from his seat, and impetuously exclaiming, "Then, indeed, farewell for ever!" rushed from the room.

A few short days and Josephine found herself an inmate of Mrs. Selby's abode, and the unconscious victim of a brain-fever.

#### CHAPTER VI. *The Disappointment.*

LISTLESS and dispirited did Kate Gearey arise the first morning after her arrival in — Buildings. Mary was already on the "walk," whilst Pat Sheehan and Nell Sullivan snored in concert. Hurrying on her clothes, she timidly opened the door of communication leading to the large room, though here matters were still worse. Moll Carty and blind Murphy owned the two "sittles" (the former for a just compensation shared hers with Biddy Sarchfield). The Flanaghans crouched



and sprawled in every direction, on a ragged mat eked out by the contents of a sack of woollen rags, which the family had undertaken to pick for the trade, and which meanwhile served to "kiver the childer." Florry Daly was already abroad; and the Burkes, eager to follow his example and effect an escape from the pestilential atmosphere, were endeavouring to extricate their merchandise from under the bed occupied by Mrs. Carty. It was, however, so closely wedged, as to render this feat impossible, without disturbing their landlady's half-finished toilet, a liberty highly resented by the good dame, who began a remonstrance neither remarkable for the elegance of its diction, or the sweetness of the tones in which it was delivered.

"Bad luck to you, Jack Burke, an what's it the likes of you manes, shovin the bed in that way, and me on it too? did you think it was a sack of wheat you was handlin, I'd like to know?"

"More like a sack of chaff, I'm thinking," growled the gentleman addressed; "but stir yer ould stumps, Mither Carty, and let me git the traps; you know warehouse-room was included for half-a-crown a week; an if I don't git the sprats out of this divil's hole, they'll stink sure enuff before I've sould thim."

"Spake to yer mither, you villin! spake to yer mither!" vociferated Mrs. Carty, shaking her clenched fist, and yelling like an infuriated beast; "you'll niver comb grey hairs, you gallows-bird, and you'll niver respect thim, ayther."

"Hould yer clack, you ould cat, and don't be hooting there, like an owl larning a glee; you'd frighten a horse from his oats, you ugly hag, an" —

"Me ugly! me?" shrieked Moll, beside herself with passion, and, forgetful of the unfinished state of her toilet, she sprang from her seat, intending to commence a murderous attack on the countenance of young Burke, when her wrath was suddenly transferred to another object.

The whole scene had been too much for the risible faculties of Kate. The spare form of Mrs. Carty had never appeared to such disadvantage, as she stood brandishing her arms in every direction, hitting about her without any definite aim, and uttering treble notes of such power, as quickly to enlist a chorus of young Flanaghans, who contributed every variety of intonation to the already deafening concert.

As the call of the Swiss hunter is heard amidst the wildest raging of the tempest, so did Kate's musical laugh penetrate to the old woman's ears, diverting her attention to a safer, because a weaker, antagonist. Pausing in full career, she placed her arms a kimbo, and foaming with passion, exclaimed:

"Well, I'm sure! *you* laugh at me, do you? That's the manners you've brought wid you, is it? praps this'll larn you anither time, an make you grin the other side of yer mouth." So saying, she caught up a rag, which Mrs. Flanagan had left soaking all night in a broken pan, and which constituted a considerable portion of her week's wash, and dealt poor Kate a blow across the lower part of the face. Surprised and writhing with pain, the girl burst into tears; a circumstance which gave unqualified delight to Mrs. Carty, who found herself victor of a fray, in which a few minutes before she had feared a signal defeat.

"Ugh! I've made you change yer note, have I?" she continued, though with diminished violence; "praps it'll tache you betther nixt time."

"An I'll make you change yours, you ould witch," said Florry Daly, who, ready for his breakfast, had entered unperceived in the confusion; "see how you'd like a taste yersilf, this fine marning:" and seizing her in his powerful grasp, he shook the woman until she was black in the face, ending by pitching her on the bed. "Now I'll tell you all a bit of my mind." Glaring as he spoke from his prostrate foe to Nell Sullivan, who, lazy as she was, had contrived to crawl to the scene of action: "If ony of you touch this girl, I'll thry how the print of my tin fingers shutes yer countenances; an don't *you* forget it, Nell."

This menace had for the time the desired effect. Mrs. Carty gathered herself up, and slipping into an old gown, commenced raking together the remains of last night's fire, which, with the addition of a little coke, and a few shavings from the heap in the corner, was kindled to boil the kettle for her lodgers, this being a part of her bargain. Kattie, still sobbing, sat down in a corner; and Florry, who seemed destined for her champion, after vainly endeavouring to coax her into good humour, retired into his own peculiar nook, and engaged in earnest conversation with the elder Burke, whilst the younger carried the sprats to the pump, "jist to run the wather through thim, and make thim all right afther the nite."

Once, and once only, was Florry heard to exclaim, "It's well worth our while; those that win the goolde shall wear it; an if you don't like it, Jack, why there are plenty more." The rest was inaudible, and even what was said seemed unheard save by old blind Murphy, who crossed himself, as was his invariable custom when any thing displeased him.

Since Daly's rebuke no word had been spoken by Nell Sullivan; and after exchanging with the fortune-teller a look full of terrible meaning, she withdrew to her now untenanted



sleeping-apartment, and, seated on the side of the bed, brooded darkly on plans which would have disgraced a demon.

Whatever might have been the feeling with which Florry Daly had hitherto regarded her, she saw plainly that all it had of tenderness was usurped by the young stranger. With bitterness, and something like shame, she contrasted herself with her simple, innocent rival; nor could she blame Daly, however guilty she might be, for *he* had not made her so. Nelly was not one to indulge in impotent jealousy; she held the game in her own hands, and mentally determined to win it; without compunction as to at whose cost. Her course was promptly taken, and eagerly waiting the opportunity of consulting her worthy adviser and confidante, Mrs. Carty, she returned to the large room, and, with an apparently careless forgetfulness of what had passed, assisted the latter to prepare the breakfast, and as herself and Kate were boarders, pressed the young "Gracian," with a rough kindness, to partake of the meal. Daly might not have been deceived, but he had gone out with the Burkes, and in a short time the morning's storm seemed remembered only as an event of hourly occurrence.

"If ony of the childer see Miss Bradshawe in the buildings, jist till her I want her," said old Biddy Sarchfield, looking very mysterious, and hemming so as to attract universal attention.

"An what's it you want?" inquired Pat Sheehan, rather uneasily, for he dreaded the tale of the trousers, should his wife encounter Josephine.

"I'll not live long," answered Biddy, "an there's a weight on me mind: I'd like to be put in the grave dacently, an me best bonnet an shawl are in pawn this three years, an I'd like the money to relase thim for the wake, ony how."

"Balderdash!" said Pat, impatiently. "You don't mane, Mither Sarchfield, it's in a bonnet an shawl you'll be put in your coffin?"

"An why not, I'd be glad to know? Sure it's a famerly wakeness. I'll jist tell you what happened me mother's brother's childer."

"You seem to have quare relations," replied Moll Carty, in whose mind last night's conversation still rankled, "an I'd not brag of thim if I were you."

"Well, brag or not brag, it's thrue as gospel," exclaimed the old woman testily, who, it may be observed, was an inveterate story-teller, and would chatter away without much regard to the patience of her listeners. "Me uncle's two girls married two brothers, worse luck! an they both died before a year was out, an one the day after the other; an in



coorse it's an evil eye many cast on the mother-in-law! Well, whin they left their father's, they both had beautiful new cloaks: the cloth had been spun at home for the widding, an illigant it was, that's sartain. Now whin the wake come, it was noticed amongst the neybour's that one sisther had on her fine new cloak, whilst the other was shivering in a shroud, an it winther too. People blamed the mother-in-law; an thrue for her, she had kipt the cloak, an grudged the other too; but the husband was ginerous, an woudn't lave it her.

"Will, the funeral was over, an the ould skinflint wint to mass nixt Sunday wid the garmint kivering her bones, jist as if it was spic an span new; but small pace had she in it, for it was twitched off her showlders all the way to an fro, an not a breathe of wind ayther; at nite it was worse, for, jist as she was in her first sleep, who should she see but a couple of ghosts, standing at the fut of her bed, both shivering an shaking undher the one cloak, which woudn't half kiver thim, an bulleying her to giv up the one she had stolen. They kicked up a hullabulloo all nite, an the poor woman couldn't sleep a wink; but she dhreaded losing the cloak over all things, and lest the speeruts ud sarch her chists, she crammed it undher her bolster, an wint to rest next nite detarmined to be even wid them. They were there quite punctual, an smelled out the stolen property soon enough; so they both wint together, first on one side, then on tother, tuggin an pullin, their four eyes glaring like saucers, their two heads stuck together undher one hood; but the ould woman was a tough un, an woudn't giv up the cloak. This wint on for a month or more, until the mother-in-law, who niver had a wink of sleep all the time, consulted wid Father Derry, an he advised her to giv up the property: sore sorry was she to do it, but there was no help for the same; so that very nite—it was a holy eve too—she sat bolt upright in the bed, an bided the coming of her daughters-in-law; in they stumped, stuck close together as usual, an terrible angry they were; they rattled their chains, as I'm tould, an spit flames over the coverlet, till the ould woman screeched out,

" 'Musha! Anne dear, what's it you want?'

" 'I want my cloak, you tundering ould thief,' said the ghost, spaking very loud an sevar; 'an I'll have it too, or I'll shake your crazy carcass to a jelly.'

" So they both began pulling the bolster as usual, but wid such screechings an noises, that the mother-in-law was scared out of her wits.

" 'There, tak it, you ungrateful hussey!' and she dragged it out from undher her head, an pitched it at the speeruts; but

her courage oozed out of her tin toes, an jumping on the floore, she gave leg-bail to the ghosts, and niver went into that room agin. Howsomever, she didn't live long hersilf; an the house was thrubbled iver afther."

Whether it was the company were not in so good a humour, Biddy Sarchfield's story was far from as well received as that of the previous evening; indeed by most it was considered as trumped up for pecuniary purposes of her own. Sheehan merely inquired,

"An what's all that to do wid you, Mrs. Sarchfield?"

"Why, Pat dear," answered the old woman coaxingly, "I'd not rist in me grave widout I was waked in me bonnet an shawl; an if I don't have thim, I'm fear'd I'd thrubble the pawnbroker,—an sure it ud not be respectable for me, poor ghost, to be seen waithing all day in the shop down there, instead of keeping quiet in the churchyard."

"An it's not much you'll be afther gitting by that," exclaimed blind Murphy. "Doesn't Father Morgan talk agin the wakes, an prache agin the wakes, an don't all the clargy say it's haythenish shuperstition, to be smoking an dhrinking an singing an fighting in the sight of the corse? an didn't Miss Bradshawe say it ud be more Christianlike if we prayed for the poor sowl that was gone, instead of offinding God, an we not knowing who'd be nixt?"

"An do you mind," said Sheehan, "what happened at the wake of Toomey's mother? how Dick Reardon got so roaring dhrunk as to pull the coffin at top on him; and didn't Father Horton say thin, we should niver have another pinny till the corse was undher ground."

The entrance of Mary Sheehan put a stop to the conversation; and as part of the company had dispersed, Kate took an opportunity of consulting her as to the way in which she was to proceed in order to obtain the situation, to which she looked forward as the means of releasing her from her present irksome position. The good-natured Mary, who really felt for the poor girl, faithfully promised to inquire at all the houses she served, meantime advising her to go herself the round of the shops, and take her "discharges" with her.

Kate washed her face, tied on her bonnet, and grasping the good priest's character tight in her hand, set out, duly cautioned by Mrs. Sheehan not to be shamefaced, and above all, not to lose her way. This latter was a necessary precaution, as Kate knew not one single yard of London. She was, however, young and adventurous, and fearful of forgetting the name of the court where she resided, she continued repeating it to herself in an audible tone until she found herself in Ox-



ford Street. Although early spring, it was a miserable afternoon. A small drizzling rain descended without hope of intermission ; the pavement was covered with a black unctuous matter, rendering it so slippery as to peril neck and limb of the inexperienced pedestrian ; omnibuses, carts, and cabs were hurrying in every direction, rendering the crossings unpassable, at least to Kate, who, on seeing women and girls of every age intrepidly threading the labyrinth of vehicles, and arriving safely on the opposite side of the wide street, positively stood still with wonder, thereby becoming entangled in the masses of locomotive umbrellas by which the footpath was obscured. As a matter of course, she received numberless pushes, thrusts, and in many cases curses, for sticking in the way like an idiot ; and her humble "beg pardon, sir," together with her strong Irish accent, never failed to elicit peals of mirth from butchers' boys and lounging watermen, a class she invariably addressed.

In the bewilderment of her mind, it was some time before Kate remembered what had placed her in the midst of this Babel, and remembering Mary's injunction, she brushed up her courage, and prepared to enter the nearest shop to where she was standing. It was situated at the corner of a wide fashionable street, and its plate-glass windows were filled with magnificent vases, mandarins, monkeys ; pieces of silk wrought in gold and silver, the choicest product of the Persian looms ; shawls from India, each worth a prince's ransom ; shells ; large wedges of amber entombing flies and curious insects ; ivory carvings from China ; in short all that was rare and costly were there collected to gratify the taste of the wealthy amateur. Wet as it was, a splendid equipage stood before the door ; the coachman crouching under some half-dozen capes, the footman seated on a long bench, shining like a looking-glass, so placed as to be secured from the weather by an awning which projected from the window. These latter worthies stared with no small degree of surprise, as Kate, timidly turning the cut-glass handle, prepared to enter the shop ; their insolent raillery was, however, lost on the girl, who, regarding their handsome liveries with no small degree of reverence, dropped them a simple curtesy, and passed on. The shop-counter was covered with splendid trinkets ; the bracelets of gold, crosses, brooches, rings, which sparkled in every direction, were displayed to the greatest advantage by two fashionably dressed men, in order to tempt the capricious and satiated fancy of three ladies, by whom the shop was then occupied. Before the younger of the party, one of them eagerly displayed a roll of blue brocade, flowered with silver ; but the girl was moody as the



sky; she shook her head until her ringlets and plumes danced in unison, and the repeated "forward," and "Be kind enough to reach me those goods, Mr. Percival," addressed by the patient salesman to his assistant, proved she was indeed not inclined to be pleased. Nor did the elder lady seem in better humour; she deranged whole trays full of jewels, "wanted nothing, liked nothing, did not know what had brought her there at all," &c. &c. It was at this moment the person who was serving her, and who, by the bye, was the master of the establishment, raised his eyes, and espied the dripping form of the intruder, who had approached so near the hallowed precincts of the counter, as really to endanger by contact the precious goods which were scattered in every direction; added to this, the smart carpet bore the unmistakable prints of her deeply mudded feet; and to crown all, she was a safe vent for the anger which had accumulated from the fruitless labour of attending his titled customers.

"What do you want, my girl?" he inquired in a tone as loud as respect for the ladies would permit, "and where in the name of wonder do you come from?"

"I want a situation, if you please, sir," answered Kate, pressing eagerly forward, "and I come from —— Buildings, an' here's the lines of the parish priest, an' —"

"We know of no situations here," said the man surlily, whilst the two ladies before mentioned stared at our heroine with amused wonder, as if she were some freshly-imported animal of a species hitherto unknown. The third of the party, who was less gorgeously attired and less strikingly beautiful, at first sight, than her companions, laid down an illuminated manuscript, with which she had been engaged, and turned her eyes in the same direction: there was in the look an earnestness, a degree of interest, which emboldened Kate, and she therefore repeated, "Perhaps, my lady, *you'd* know of a situation?"

"Where then did you come from?" inquired the lady addressed, "and how long have you been in England?"

"Sure an, ma'am, I've been in London ownly the day, an I slept last night in —— Buildings; an Mrs. Carty says she'll give me the illigant caracter, an it's a good sarvant you'll find me, if you'd be kind enough to thry, an me mother died in Fermoy, an' —"

"Nonsense, Josephine," exclaimed the elder lady. "What is all this to you? I'm sure you can't understand a word she says." This was more than sufficient; at a sign from his employer, the assistant closed the door, and Kate found herself once more in the noisy street.

Crestfallen at her ill success, she wandered on, peering into the windows, yet fearful to venture again, until one shop more splendid than any thing she had ever beheld, brought her to a full halt. It too was at a corner, but it was larger and more lofty than the one where she had made her first essay ; it was surrounded by showy lamps, which, as it was growing dusk, were now lighted ; it had many entrances, at one of which people continually passed to and fro, bearing jugs. Swing-doors flew backwards and forwards without intermission, admitting all sorts of company, from the gay woman rustling in silks and satins, to those of whom the girl observed with surprise that they seemed no better than herself. Through the windows, which were as clear as crystal, she observed large butts painted bright green, with black hoops, and taps which shone like silver ; whilst posting-bills stuck here and there riveted her attention, and made her hope that servants were really wanted here, and that all the people she saw were going to be hired. Kate could not read, or the "Old Tom !" "Cream of the Valley," "Shrub," &c. would have mystified her still more. Accosting a man who had reeled out of one of the entrances, she inquired what those large letters meant, and if he thought they wanted a servant. The person addressed, who was already half seas-over, endeavoured to steady himself and stare at Kate ; in this, however, he was only partially successful, and it was with difficulty he contrived to stammer forth :

"Come along, my dear ! I'll treat you to a quatern. Avast there ! I've some coppers yet—I'll lighten the cargo before I cast anchor." So saying, and grasping her by the arm to preserve his equilibrium, he succeeded, before she had recovered her surprise, in dragging her to the bar of the gin-palace.

"Here, mate, a glass of brandy—gin (hiccup)—(what'll you have, my dear ?)—for this young lady ; don't be mock-modest ; curse the expense ; I'll pay all," and thrusting his hand into the pockets of his canvass trousers, he produced a number of coins, amongst which still glittered some silver pieces.

"Not cleaned out yet, you see ; can run the rig a little longer, hey, landlord !" and he commenced whooping, hallooing, and capering with such a degree of violence, as to attract the attention of the real head of the establishment, a portly, consequential dame, then busy at the jug-and-bottle department.

"Tom," she exclaimed, "don't draw any more ; he nearly broke the large chandelier last night. Come, sir, this is an orderly house ; be pleased to move, or I'll call a policeman. Be off, you jade !" she continued, turning furiously on the bewildered girl ; "this is no place for such cattle ; make yourself scarce, will you !"



"Move on, my girl," said the landlady's husband, a short, stout, good-tempered little man, who was serving customers in his shirt-sleeves for greater expedition; "that ere gemmen's a noisy cove, an the sooner you're quit of him the better."

"And what's that to you, Mr. Sinkin, pray?" inquired his spouse, whose asperity had been increased by Kate's beauty, in proportion as it had mollified her husband; "attend to your business, and leave me to mine. Troop, you hussey! *you*, I say."

"If you plase, marm," said Kate, doubtfully, "I ownly came in to ask did you know of a situation."

"You'll find one in the black-hole, I'm thinking, before you're many minutes older. Here, Tom! Dick! turn that girl out! or, stop, give her in charge for being drunk and disorderly."

Kate, though thoroughly scared, was nimble as a fawn; she darted through the side-entrance, narrowly escaping fracturing a large pane, and did not stay to take breath until she was some distance from the scene of action. And it was well she did so; for the sailor, highly indignant at the insults offered to "the tight little frigate he had taken in tow," brandished a thick cudgel over his head, with so little circumspection as really to damage the huge chandelier which formed the object of the landlady's former anxiety. A regular riot ensued; the tar fought valiantly, but being rather unsteady, he was marched off to the station-house by two policemen, and was released next morning on payment of a fine, and with a severe reprimand.

Her first alarm having subsided, Kate paused to recover herself; only, however, to encounter fresh difficulties; in her confusion she had turned down a long narrow street, which, being composed of private houses, was comparatively dark; to retrace her steps was impossible; she knew not where she was; to stand still was of no use, so she hurried on, plunging herself deeper and deeper into the labyrinth of passages and alleys which seemed to intersect each other in every direction. At length, to her great joy, she spied a small baker's shop, and hastening towards it, paused, tired and hungry, wistfully eyeing the loaves exposed for sale; fortunately her trifling stock of money was not quite exhausted, and as the shop was of the humbler class, she ventured in, and having made her purchase, inquired if they could direct her to — Buildings.

"Don't even know the name, my lass," answered a lankey-looking man who wore a white night-cap, though with more civility than our heroine had yet experienced, "there be's so many of them Coorts and Buildings, there's no knowing where half on'em's sitivated. Here, Lucy, can *you* tell this young woman whereabouts — Buildings be's?"



The person thus addressed hastened from the inner shop; she was very pretty, very neat, and had on a very smart cap with bright pink ribbons: her husband having repeated his question, she shook her head as if in uncertainty, and turning to Kate, said:

"I really don't know; I'm afraid it's a great way off; but I think you'd better ask a policeman." The very mention of this functionary brought the tears into the girl's eyes; but reassured by the woman's kind manner, she ventured to add:

"Praps, marm, it's yersilf ud be wanthing a sarvant, an I'd like to stay wid the likes of you; an in the marning may be I'd make out the place, and git me bits of things, an"—

"But where did you live last?" inquired Lucy, who really was in want of a girl to look after the children, "and why did you leave your situation?"

"Sure I lived last night in the Buildings wid Moll Carty, an before that I lived in me father's cabin, forenent the Castle of Fermoy; an it's meesilf has the good caracter, an can do ivery thing."

"Well, who will give the character? and what *can* you do?" inquired the baker's wife, smiling; "are you accustomed to children?"

"Not intirely, marm," answered Kate; "it's most amongst the pigs that I've been; an see here's the beautiful caracter that the parish priest gave me whin I came away." So saying, she produced the soiled paper, which she still tightly grasped, but which was so saturated with wet as to be almost illegible.

"But we do not know this person," said the master, having with considerable difficulty succeeded in deciphering the signature; "it may be all very correct, but how can we be sure of it?"

"Not know Father Phelim! not know the parish priest of Castletown Roche!" cried Kate, with unfeigned astonishment. "Sure an it's ivery one far an wide knows him well, an loves him too for the matther of that; an what'll become of me? I'll niver git a situation, if ivery one asks so many quistions."

"Well then, what else can you do?" inquired the young woman, who really liked the appearance of the girl; "and who is this Moll Carty you mentioned?"

"Moll Carty's the fortin-teller; an sure it's ivery think I can do; I can feed the pigs, an milk the cow, an bake the cakes, an bring home the sticks, an put the potaties into the kish whin they're cracked, an"—

"But can you sweep the rooms, clean the windows, and make the beds, my girl?"

"Sorra a windey there was in me father's cabin, barring the hole in the roof, an that claned itsilf illegantly; but I can shake up the straw wid the best of thim, an put the three-legged pot on the turf-ashes, an"—

"It will never do, Lucy," said her husband, giving way to his risible feelings, which he had for some time with difficulty suppressed; "my poor girl, you be'ant at all fit for London service, even in our humble way; and the best advice I can give, is to get the parish to pass you back again as soon as possible; you will only come to harm here." The very mention of the parish wounded Kate's pride severely; and as to giving up the idea of making a fortune in London so soon, it was quite ridiculous. Highly resenting this honest yet unpalatable advice, she turned sullenly away, and without another word quitted the shop.

"Poor child!" exclaimed its mistress, following her with her eyes, "why did she come here?"

"Why, indeed?" answered her husband; "she seems simple and innocent-like, which is more than I can say of all who do come; in most cases they be's the refuse of the country; those whose lives are so idle and dissolute, that they cannot obtain employment where they are known, and even if they could, the rascals won't exert themselves. However, I pity *her*, poor thing."

The baker was a vestryman, used to speech-making, and his wife had therefore a high opinion of his judgment (which, it may be remarked, was greatly inferior to her own). She made no answer, but, busying herself in her usual avocations, in a few moments Kate Gearey was forgotten.

On leaving the shop, the latter again walked briskly forward, nor did she slacken her pace until, her pet having subsided, she began to consider how she should find her way back. She had turned into a long wide thoroughfare full of shops, and with all the bustle of a market; stalls lined the kerb-stone; retail dealers in penny toys, pies, vegetables, &c. &c., were bawling at the very pitch of their voices, in order to attract the attention of passers-by to the delicacies of which they were the venders; small dirty-faced urchins were clustering round a certain old woman, who had for years regaled their juvenile palates with fried fish, little measures of periwinkles, small saucers containing a nondescript substance floating in dirty-looking vinegar, styled wilks, all for the small charge of one halfpenny; rough-looking men were busily devouring enormous oysters; and here and there a slovenly woman, with a string of squalid children at her heels, was warbling "I love her, how I love her!" "They mourn me dead in my father's halls,"

and other appropriate melodies, occasionally varied by a full bass chorus of "All hot, all hot!" The appearance of a bright-looking machine containing *real fire*, completed the alarm of poor Kattie. Not knowing what it all meant, she inquired her way of more than one person without success; until a brawny Irishwoman, who was perambulating backwards and forwards with a basket of water-cresses, stopped short and exclaimed :

"Musha, me darling, I lived in thim Buildings meesilf; it's quite convaniant they are; this is Tottenham Coort Road; go on *as far as you can*; thin turn to the lift, an keep on till you cim to a big church; thin turn up agin, and afther a time you'll be shure to make it out; ownly take care the blackguards don't set you wrong, the spalpeens!"

Thanking her informer for her very concise information, Kate proceeded on her journey, and as she was to go as far as she *could*, scarcely paused for a full hour. The shops were now far behind her, and she was in a long road, which became more lonely every moment, and was evidently leading to the open country. Thoroughly exhausted and frightened, she stopped short, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a violent flood of tears.

"What's the matter, my girl? and what are you doing here at this hour of the night?" exclaimed a rough but kind voice. Thus addressed, Kate looked up, and according to her own account, saw what she considered to be "a dancing bear, with an eye of burning fire right in the middle of his forehead, and a long pole in his paw." Terrified out of her senses, she uttered one or two screams of such shrillness as to astonish the policeman (for such he was), who was unprepared for so noisy a return to his civility.

"Now don't, sir, pray don't," she sobbed forth, falling on her knees as if to avert some impending calamity.

"Don't what? why the wench is mad; I'm not touching you: come, what are you doing here?" and he lowered his bull's eye, which he had turned towards her.

"I'm looking for —— Buildings, thin, sir," answered Kate, somewhat re-assured. "I was tould to go as far as I could, an" ——

"Go as far as you could! Why, you're in the Hampstead Road, far enough I should think from the place you want: but at any rate I'm going to the Marylebone Station; so come with me, and I'll get one of the D. division to see you safe."

"Ah, plase, sir, don't lock me up; I'm ownly looking for a situation;" and she began to cry again so violently as almost to wear out the man's patience.



"I'll take you in charge in earnest, if you are not quiet; you'll be murdered on this dreary road;" and grasping her by the arm, he compelled her to walk by his side until he came to the New Road, where happening to meet one of the force who was going in the required direction, he consigned her to his charge; and with no farther adventure worth mentioning, Kate, at a late hour, found herself once more in Moll Carty's large room, where her protracted absence had excited some speculation.

"Well," said Florry Daly, when her recital had terminated, "you *are* a Gracian, to be sure. Now take my advice, me darling; don't be ony man's sarvant but your own, and don't be afther making an omaudhaun of yersilf ony more."

"Thin what am I to do, if I don't git a situation?" inquired Kate earnestly, for there was something in Florry's manner which flattered her vanity.

"Git yersilf a husband, me dear; it's not meesilf that's chaffing ayther: here am I a fine likely young fellow, wid the use of me two hands, an all the girls dying wid the love of me; an now if you jist say the word, it's to-morrow I'll put up the bans, an you'll refarm me intirely."

Kate, like all her countrywomen, was too thorough paced a coquette to be displeased with Daly's gallantry; in fact, these hasty matches never excite surprise amongst the class to which she belonged: she, however, did not answer; but Sheehan, always ripe for a frolic, exclaimed:

"Take him at his word, Kattie; you may go farther and fare worse; an it'll do the sowl of me good to see Nell Sullivan chated, jist as she thought she'd got it all her own way."

"An that's like you, Pat Sheehan," replied the person alluded to; "an make yoursilf aisy, I'll remimber that to you till me dying day; and, Florry, mind I'll be even wid you yet."

So saying, she stalked off, and was soon in close conversation with Mrs. Carty.

"But," said the latter, after a lengthened whispering, "betther tell her at onst, an thin he'll be glad of you again, Nell."

"No!" answered the girl, fire flashing from her eyes, "I'll have me revinge, Moll Carty, an it's not the likes of you I'll be said by. I know too much for ony of you, an if you step betwixt me an her you'll repint it tother side of the wather, that's all."

"Take care thin, Nell; for if the Sheehans or ould Murphy, or ony of thim suspect you, they'll be afther puttin a spoke in yer wheel, an Mary's taken a fancy to the girl, an—"

"You'd no business to have the Sheehans here; you knew

they'd niver be one of us, wid their praching about dooty, an praying, an all to plase Father Morgan; an Pat says he'll take the plidge whin the missionaries come."

"Why, Nell, you can't see through a stone wall, cute as you are; if things go wrong, it's ownly to hide ony of the articles under Sheehan's bed; an do you think the polishmen ull let him off? not they, indeed; I know the law."

"So I've heerde," answered Nell, with emphasis; "but thrust me, Moll, Florry an the Burkes have somethink between thim that we know nothing about; an now this milk-sop's in the way, we may look afther oursilves, that's all."

"Now, let's luk at the cards;" and Mrs. Carty, pulling a greasy pack from under her, threw out a certain number, and commenced arranging the remainder in four separate parcels, whilst Nell, with staring eyes and gaping mouth, devoured every word which fell from the old woman's lips, treasuring them as if they were oracles. Just, however, as she had succeeded in awakening the most intense interest in her dupe, Mrs. Carty sprang from her seat, scattered the cards in every direction, and uttered a yell which startled the whole company: "There he is again!" she exclaimed, frantically; "I see the sarpint's head undher Nell Sullivan's chair. Sure an I promised Father Morgan niver to do business ony more; an now I've broke me word, an the divil ull have me body an sowl."

"An sarve you right," said old Murphy. "See what you will, you'll see nothing worse than yersilf."

"I tell you I see the divil, he's curled round me tight;" and she began tugging at her chest, as if to extricate herself from some invisible object.

"She's in one of her dhrunken fits," said Florry, drily; for he was accustomed to the fortune-teller's nocturnal vagaries. "Come, be aisy, you witch! an let us have some pace; keep your freaks till to-morrow, will you? Brandy or divil, it's all one, keep thim to yoursilf, and make the most of thim."

There was that in Daly's eye which Mrs. Carty did not think it convenient to misunderstand; indeed it was very seldom she ventured on a display when he was present; as it was, she sat quietly down, and answered in a cowed tone:

"You're a wonderful man, Florry Daly; sure an it's at your voice the sarpint laves me; it'll not thrubble me agin to-night."

"So much the betther," he answered, with a derisive laugh; and Moll, letting her head fall on the table, soon gave unequivocal proofs of the soundness of her repose.

(To be continued.)

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

### No. IV.—*The Festival of Corpus Christi.*

THE Church being engaged in an unceasing strife with the powers of evil, and Satan varying his weapons of attack against her according to every change of circumstances, she is forced from time to time to raise fresh bulwarks of defence for the better protection of her children. Moreover, since by God's help she is ever victorious, and since in all ages she is but one and the same body, having her several members, however distant in time or place, yet knit together in the closest bonds of union, therefore the Christian calendar is continually receiving a gradual increase, each new addition telling of another struggle and another triumph over sin, error, or persecution. Thus, an attentive study of Catholic devotions during the period of a single year is a complete lesson in ecclesiastical history; every day imparts its own lesson of instruction, every prayer and hymn and creed has its own tale of interest, reminding us either of cruel sufferings endured with patience, of temptations successfully resisted, or of false doctrine refuted and driven out. Nor can it be doubted but that these memorials of earlier ages are calculated to be of the utmost service both in comforting the hearts and enlightening the understandings of modern combatants in the same field of warfare; it cannot fail to cheer the spirit, ready to faint under the labour and heat of the day, to meet the memory of those who, having once journeyed along the same road, have long since entered into their rest; and so, in like manner, when the mind is assailed by doubts and tempted to rebel against those mysteries which it cannot comprehend, new strength and steadfastness must needs be inspired by the sight of those landmarks, as it were, and testimonies to the true faith, which ancient piety and wisdom have every where erected. Indeed, to the poor and simple, who are always most numerous, and who have a special claim to all things appertaining to the Gospel, these outward and visible tokens are the easiest and best, if not the only, means of conveying any spiritual instruction; for except there were certain set forms of words, in which to express the mysteries of the faith, and certain fixed days, on which they should be distinctly proposed to their contemplation, they would hardly obtain sufficient hold upon their minds, to enable them to detect and avoid the dangerous snares of the enemy. From



the earliest ages, therefore, particular times have always been set apart for the more solemn commemoration of particular events, the more punctual discharge of certain duties, or the fuller consideration of certain doctrines; as, for instance, Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, by the mere instinct of natural piety, that the memory of events might be celebrated on their own actual anniversaries; or by the express institution of Christ or of his Church, as in the appointment of Lent for the special exercise of penance, of Corpus Christi, Trinity Sunday, and others, for the more careful contemplation of those mysteries, whose names they bear. And the Church has been moved to do this at different times and for different reasons, according as the Holy Spirit has instructed her. In the case of the festival with whose history we are at present concerned, the festival of Corpus Christi, the overruling hand of God was more than ordinarily manifest; indeed it may be truly said, that it was in a very special manner ordained by God Himself as a day of praise and thanksgiving for the institution of the holy Eucharist, so numerous and remarkable were the interpositions of his power in its regard. Nor is its present position in the cycle of Christian festivals unworthy of such a beginning; for towns, villages, and cities have vied with one another in adding to it new circumstances of pomp and magnificence, until it has become, in almost every part of the world, the very brightest festival in the year.

The ecclesiastical annals of the thirteenth century\* abound with distinct and well-authenticated accounts of miracles, which happened in many different countries, attesting the presence of Christ in the adorable Sacrament of the altar, a doctrine which was at that time the special object of attack to the impious spirit of heresy. Some of these miracles happened in private, or only before a few; others were more public and notorious; but even these, though they obtained a partial celebrity, and received (at least some of them) an annual commemoration in the immediate neighbourhood of those churches where they occurred, yet did not affect the whole of the Catholic Church, God having chosen more humble instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes. For, as it had pleased Him that Mary Magdalen, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, should be the first to receive knowledge of the great mystery of the resurrection, and to impart it to the eleven, to Peter and the rest, so it was his will that this festival should in like manner be first revealed to a few women, and then by them communicated to his Vicegerent upon earth and to the rest of the Church.

\* Bzovius, *Annales*, tom. xiii. ad ann. 1211, 1213, 1231, 1232, 1249, &c.

The most remarkable of these chosen witnesses was a nun, named Juliana, who had lived ever since she was an orphan of five years old in a convent either of Augustinians or Cistercians (at Monte Cornelione near Liege), where the good sisters spent their time in tending upon those lepers, pilgrims, and other poor and afflicted members of Christ's body, whom they could receive into their own house. From her earliest years she had been remarkable for an extraordinary proficiency in every Christian virtue, and especially for a peculiar intensity of devotion towards the sacrifice of the altar, at which whenever she was permitted to assist, she was filled with such an inexpressible ecstasy of delight, that she could hardly be recalled to consciousness, even when it was necessary to remove her for the discharge of other duties; and if, as it often happened, she was unable to be personally present, she would throw herself upon her knees, as soon as she heard the bell, and remain there during the whole celebration of Mass, absorbed in the most earnest prayer. When by and by she was admitted to an actual participation in these mysteries, her devotion naturally increased; whenever she communicated, she observed the strictest silence and severe fasting for the following week, if not for a still longer period, listening only to the voice of that God who had vouchsafed to come and visit her, and not choosing that any common food should pass those lips which had lately received the very body of her Lord. With a heart disengaged from the world and purified by continual prayer, it is not wonderful that in her, as in so many others similarly endowed, that was fulfilled which had been spoken of by the prophet Joel (ii. 28): "It shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." Juliana had hardly completed her sixteenth year, about A.D. 1208, when God vouchsafed to reveal to her a portion of his will, which had hitherto been hidden from the whole world. A vision was continually present to her mind, wherein she saw the moon radiant with brightness save only on one side, where a strange darkness destroyed the completeness of the circle.

Unable either to rid herself of this appearance, or to interpret its meaning, she took counsel with her spiritual directors, who bid her banish it from her thoughts, and to feel assured that thus it would soon cease to trouble her. In vain she set herself to obey these injunctions; the same vision would still be ever before her, whether by day or by night, whether she was at her work or at her prayers; until at length she began to



understand that so constant a warning could come only from God, to whom she determined to pray for further light and instruction. Her prayer was soon answered; she was told that the moon typified the glories of the Church, and the beauteous cycle of her festivals, but that its partial obscurity indicated that something was still wanting. There were holy days dedicated to the memory of the most eminent servants of God; of Peter, the prince of the Apostles; of Stephen, the first martyr; of John, the forerunner; of the Beloved Disciple, and of others; there were days appointed for the commemoration of every principal event in the history of the Son of God, and of His blessed Virgin Mother; and there was the feast of Pentecost, sacred to the Holy Ghost; one thing alone was lacking, a day wherein men should give themselves up with undivided attention to contemplate the crowning mystery of their Redeemer's love, the gift of Himself in the holy Eucharist. This new festival was to be a confirmation and a proof of the Church's faith, a means of grace to all who should celebrate it with devotion, and, in some sort, a satisfaction also for the many sins and blasphemies of those who denied the doctrine which it was to commemorate. Finally it was revealed to her, that she herself was the chosen handmaid, through whom it was, in the counsels of the Almighty, that this deficiency should be supplied. Conscious of her own weakness, and of the greatness of the task proposed to her, she besought God to choose some more able and efficient advocate, whose position in life might impart authority to his words, and so more certainly awaken the interest of the Church to listen to them. She erred as Moses had done nearly 4000 years before, when he pleaded his natural want of eloquence as incapacitating him for that function to which God had been pleased to call him; and as *he* was then reminded of that attribute of the Deity, which he had seemed to forget or to deny, the Lord's omnipotence, so was Juliana instantly reminded of that Christian truth, of which she seemed to be unmindful, viz. that "God has chosen the weak and foolish things of the world to confound the strong and the wise;" for there came a voice from heaven, repeating to her those words of the Redeemer, "I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones." Moreover, she was instructed how suitable it was that the little ones of this world, the weak, the base, and the foolish, should be most forward in promoting the honour of that sacrament, in which the Lord of glory, though really present, is yet devoid of every outward token of dignity and



honour, and lies concealed under the mean and contemptible form of bread and wine. Still her unwillingness was not overcome, and she prayed the more earnestly that she might be permitted to end her days in that obscurity, of which alone she felt that she was worthy, and that God would raise up some one more high in dignity, or more eminent for learning or sanctity, to declare his will to the people. And this time the messenger of God sought to rouse her to a more noble daring by bringing to her recollection the greater faithfulness even of the patriarchs and prophets of old; she heard a voice saying, "He hath put a new canticle into my mouth, a song to our God: I have not hid thy justice within my heart; I have declared thy truth and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy mercy and thy truth from a great council." Thus assured, therefore, concerning God's will, she no longer offered to resist it; but year after year passed away and no token of her obedience was visible. It cannot be that she was indulging secret thoughts of distrustfulness; it is more probable that she waited, like David after he had been anointed, until outward circumstances should conspire with the inward call.

Meanwhile the same revelation had been made to two other servants of God, Isabella and Eve; the one, a nun whom she had invited into the same community with herself, and the other, a holy recluse, who had long been her intimate friend, and who now lived in a solitary chamber adjoining the church of St. Martin's, in the city of Liege. At length, when the blessed Juliana was thirty years old and the prioress of her house, she laid the whole matter before her spiritual director, who was one of the canons of St. Martin's, and for whose goodness she had conceived a great esteem; and she begged him to communicate it to other clergy, and especially to grave theologians, without making mention of her name. Among the principal persons who thus became acquainted with this history, were the Archdeacon of Liege, a man of the very meanest parentage,\* who afterwards became Bishop of Verdun, then Patriarch of Jerusalem, and finally sovereign Pontiff, under the title of Urban IV.; Hugo, Father Provincial of the Dominicans, with two or three others of his order, then but recently established, and come to that city; and Guido, the Bishop of Cambray and Chancellor of the famous University of Paris. All these were unanimously of opinion that the proposed devotion was most agreeable to the mind of the Church, and calculated to give edification to the faithful: so that the good prioress, thus encouraged, persuaded a young cleric of her house to compose a proper office, in which were

\* Panvinus Onuphrius says he was the son *sutoris veteramentarii*.

collected all the choicest flowers of ancient piety and rhetoric upon this great subject.

This office, whose excellence, it is said, was due rather to the prayers of the religious than to the wisdom and learning of the divine, having been first approved by the judgment of competent theologians, was next presented for the sanction of the Bishop; but Robert, who at that time filled the see of Liege, was not disposed to lend a very friendly ear to any thing that came to him as the proposal of Juliana; for, on a former occasion, she had revealed to him the secret ambition of his soul, that he might be promoted to the Archbishopric of Rheims,\* and had foretold to him that his desire would not be accomplished. After a little delay, however, he was induced to grant her petition, and to address the following letter to his clergy to that effect, at the same time furnishing them with copies of the office by which the new festival was to be commemorated:

“ Robert, Bishop, to all abbots, priors, deans, priests, and other ecclesiastics, &c., health and benediction. Among all the marvellous works which the Lord our God, wonderful on high, hath done, that is most especially excellent and worthy to be remembered, wherein He gave Himself for food to them that fear Him; we speak of that ineffable Sacrament of his most sacred body, which He left for a wonderful and delightful memorial, delightful to the will, and wonderful to the understanding, that He might bestow upon us that whereof the prophet David, being introduced in the spirit into a rich treasure-house of mysteries, thus joyfully sang, ‘The merciful and gracious Lord hath appointed a memorial of his wonderful works; He hath given food to them that fear Him.’ If He, then, who ‘will be for ever mindful of his covenant,’ was mindful of his future wonders when they were yet unwrought, and then, when He had wrought and established them for ever by a most holy work, again said, ‘As oft as ye do this, do it for a commemoration of Me;’ it ought not to be accounted strange and blameworthy in us, whose memory is weak and fragile, if, besides the daily commemoration of this precious and adorable Sacrament, which is made always at every altar, we enjoin a further more special and solemn commemoration to be made by the faithful once every year for the purpose of denouncing and refuting the madness of blaspheming heretics. For we think it but meet, right, just, and salutary, that, as the Saints, whose memories the Church venerates every day both in the Mass and in litanies and

\* Placentius, *Hist. Episc. Leod.* p. 313, ed. Amstelodam. 1633.



other prayers, yet have proper feasts, each for the more special commemoration of his own individual merits [and another day also for the joint commemoration of all together, that so every possible defect in the previous commemorations may be fully satisfied\*], so there should be a similar solemnity in honour of the Holy of Holies, of that which is sweetness above all sweetness; a feast wherein men should pay the Lord their God especial praises and thanksgivings, for the exceeding love whereby He vouchsafes daily to come down upon our altars, and thus to fulfil that most sweet promise, 'Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world;' and again, that other saying also, 'My delight is to be with the sons of men.' Moreover, we would that in this solemnity men should carefully and anxiously examine themselves, and endeavour to supply whatever of reverence and devotion may have been wanting, through sloth and indifference, in their ordinary daily commemoration of this most holy Eucharist. And if this be done, who among the faithful can doubt but that it will be a most becoming festival, abounding to the glory and honour of God, to the increase of faith, hope, and charity, and of all other Christian virtues, and to the manifold advancement of the elect of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Being earnestly desirous, therefore, that these benefits should accrue to the flock committed to our care; and wishing, moreover, to arouse the carelessness of men, and to induce them to pay the aforesaid thanksgivings, we hereby most strictly ordain and command, that every year on the Thursday next after the Octave of Pentecost, in every church within the diocese of Liege, you celebrate yourselves, and cause to be celebrated by others, a solemn festival, with nine lessons, responses, versicles, and proper antiphons, wherewith we will take care to provide you, to be kept in honour of the most Blessed Sacrament, with abstinence from all servile work, as on the Lord's-day. We will also that every year, on the Sunday preceding the said day, you publicly command your subjects in all your churches, that for the remission of their sins they devoutly fast on the vigil of the aforesaid solemnity; and by prayers, watching, almsdeeds, and other good works, study to make themselves ready for the participation on that day of the most sweet Sacrament itself; and we will that all who shall have been duly prepared and approved, whose hearts the Lord has touched, shall, if they desire it, communicate on that day, not of necessity, but because it is right and becoming, that so God and his Christ being appeased by this

\* We have added this paragraph from Pope Urban's Bull, which rehearses the greater portion of this letter.



special commemoration and these sacrifices, may vouchsafe to open the door of his mercy upon the world, suffering as it now is from so many and such diverse calamities."

This letter was written sometime in the year 1246, and the new festival appears to have been celebrated, at least privately, in the presence of the Bishop in that year; but his death, in the course of the ensuing autumn, gave an opportunity to all who desired it of disregarding his commands; and it was not without difficulty that even the canons of St. Martin's were prevailed upon to continue their obedience in the following year. In the troublous times which ensued, Henry, who had succeeded to the vacant see, being not only better skilled in the use of the sword than of the crosier, but even (it is to be feared) a notorious evil-liver,\* a Cardinal Legate was sent from Rome, armed with superior authority to defend the interests of the Church. The person selected for this office was Hugo, the same who, as provincial of the Dominicans, had already known and approved of the proposed devotion. It was only natural, therefore, that he should exert the whole influence of his position to promote its establishment. Accordingly, when the day came round, he both celebrated High Mass and preached in the cathedral himself, and also wrote a long and earnest letter to all within the limits of his legation, pressing upon them obedience to the pastoral of their late Bishop, urging too, as an additional argument for the necessity of such a festival, that it was impossible to make any adequate commemoration of the Holy Eucharist on Maundy Thursday, the real anniversary of its institution, because the Church was so fully engaged on that day in meditating on our Lord's passion, in consecrating the holy oils, and in fulfilling the commandment touching the washing of one another's feet; to which might have been added a further particular, mentioned by Pope Urban in his Bull on the subject, viz. the reconciliation of penitent offenders; in conclusion, he granted to all who should devoutly assist at future celebrations of the feast an indulgence of a hundred days.

One of the canons, who was present during Hugo's discourse, was so much affected by it, that on his return home he reversed the will which had been executed in favour of his sister, and, with her consent, left the whole of his property to the church of St. Martin's, as a provision for the worthy celebration of the festival to all succeeding generations. His example was followed by another, who provided for the celebration of the Octave; and the deed was not unrewarded even in

\* Placentius, ubi supra.

this life, for some years afterwards the same sister was wonderfully restored from a long and dangerous illness, immediately after receiving Holy Communion on this day.

The Cardinal's letter, however, did not produce any general permanent result. The feast was kept only whilst he continued in the country; but upon his return to Rome, it was allowed for the most part to fall into disuse; not even the repetition of his injunctions concerning it by Cardinal Capoccio, the Legate who succeeded him two years afterwards, availed to secure its universal celebration throughout the single diocese of Liege, still less to commend it to the whole Christian Church; and yet nothing less than this had been distinctly foretold as the purpose which God had in view in all the revelations that had been made. But the counsels of the Almighty were not to be frustrated by man's indifference or disobedience; and He was even now preparing to accomplish them, though it was not his will that she who had received the first knowledge of them should live to witness their fulfilment. The life of Juliana, which, like the lives of most of the chosen servants of God, had been marked with many trials, was now drawing to a close. She had been twice driven from her monastery, because she would not acknowledge a prior whose promotion had been obtained by simoniacal means. The first time, she and many others of her community had been received by her kind friend the canon of St. Martin's, who generously resigned his house to them, and himself took shelter in another; but the second time she was received alone into a strange and distant monastery, where her days were at length ended, being characterised to the very last by the same remarkable devotion to the holy Eucharist. She had partaken of it with the faithful on Easter-day A.D. 1258, and about a fortnight afterwards, her last illness increased so rapidly upon her, that she was quite unable to receive it again, even as the Viaticum; it was proposed therefore by the abbess where she was now resident, that it should at least be brought into her chamber, that she might adore, though she could not communicate; but this she steadily refused, as an indignity and a presumption, for that she ought rather to go to it, not it to be brought to her; nor could she be persuaded to yield, until she was reminded of the obligations of holy obedience. As soon as she understood by the sound of the bell that her Lord was approaching, she rose in her bed and prepared to meet Him; the priest entered the room, and taking the blessed Sacrament from out of the pyx, held it reverently before her, saying, "Behold thy Redeemer, who vouchsafed to be born and to suffer death for thee; beg of Him to defend thee from



all thine enemies, and to be thy guide for ever;" thus slightly altering, as the circumstances of the case required, the ordinary form of words used in administering the Viaticum. "Amen," she replied: "I beg the same for the lady abbess also;" and with these words upon her lips, immediately expired.

It was not long afterwards that the hopes of her dear friend, the recluse at St. Martin's, were most unexpectedly roused by hearing that the former Archdeacon of Liege, who had been successively promoted from one important office to another, had now been called to the pontifical throne itself, vacant by the death of Alexander IV. She hastened, therefore, to petition that the Bishop would lay the matter afresh before the new Pope, feeling confident that the time she had so long hoped for was now at hand; and Henry, nothing loath, probably, to have so favourable an excuse for bringing to the Pontiff's recollection his former connexion with the good city of Liege, readily complied with her request. His application, however, met with no better success than the mere issuing of an order that the day should be kept holy, not in St. Martin's only, or in a few churches here and there, but generally throughout the whole of that diocese.

During the next three years no progress was made; but at the end of that time an event happened in the distant town of Bolsena, which was destined to be the immediate occasion of the establishment of this festival. A priest, who was saying Mass in the church of St. Christina in that town, and had already pronounced the words of consecration, was either tempted by doubts concerning the reality of the mysteries he was celebrating, or through carelessness spilt some portion of the contents of the chalice which he was holding (the story is told in both ways, and it is not necessary to choose between them, since what follows is agreed upon by all); blood was seen to flow upon the altar, either from the cup or from the host; and the priest, anxious to conceal what had happened, sought to cover it with the corporal. His labours were worse than useless; they only served to make the miracle yet more manifest to all; for as often as he doubled and redoubled the corporal, the same stain of fresh blood continually reappeared in the form of a host upon each new fold as it was made;\* it penetrated downwards, also, through the triple linen covering of the altar, and reached the very stone itself, where the spot is still guarded by the usual defence of an iron grating.

\* Sixtus IV., in a Bull dated July 23, 1477 (Bull. Frat. Præd. tom. iii. p. 555), says there were twenty folds, and describes the impress as *Imago Redemptoris sanguine perfusa*.



The people marvelled at the sight, and soon noised it abroad to the ears of the Pope himself, who was then residing within the fortress of Orvieto, not many miles distant, in consequence of the occupation of Rome by King Manfred and his army. He immediately ordered the corporal to be brought into his own presence, and the Bishop and clergy, with a great multitude of people, accompanied it in solemn procession from the one town to the other; the Pope and all his court going out to meet it, and depositing it, with much pomp and ceremony, in the principal church of the place. But this not being considered a sufficiently costly shrine for the preservation of so sacred a relic, and in order that there might be provided some lasting memorial of so remarkable a miracle, it was determined to erect a new church expressly for the purpose; accordingly the foundation-stone of the present magnificent cathedral was laid by Nicholas IV., on the 13th November, 1290, the exceeding richness of whose materials, and the skill with which they are wrought, have never failed to excite the highest admiration.

This event, then, so public and notorious, and happening, as it were, in the very presence of the Pope, naturally brought to his recollection all that he had heard in former years concerning a desire in the hearts of some to establish a new festival in honour of the Blessed Sacrament; and concerning those heavenly visions, too, which had first kindled that desire. It is said, also, that St. Thomas Aquinas, who was then the Dominican Professor of Theology at Orvieto, presenting to the Holy Father, about this time, his well-known *Aurea Catena*, or Commentary on the Four Gospels, which he had just completed, steadily refused to accept any reward in the way of personal promotion, and only prayed that some new and extraordinary honours might be enjoined to the holy Eucharist. Be this as it may, it is clear that in the course of this year the festival of Corpus Christi was promulgated, for the first time, to the whole Church; and there is still extant the congratulatory letter which Urban addressed on the occasion to the holy recluse at Liege:

“ Urban, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his beloved daughter in Christ, Eve, recluse at St. Martin’s in Liege, health and apostolic benediction. We are well aware, daughter, how thy soul hath been desirous with an earnest desire, that a solemn feast of the most sacred Body of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ should be appointed in God’s Church, as an ordinance to be kept by the faithful for ever; we therefore make known to thee, for thy great joy, that we

have thought right, for the confirmation of the Church's faith, to ordain that, besides the commemoration of the Blessed Sacrament which is made every day in the Church, there should be another more special and solemn commemoration, to wit, on the Thursday next after the first Sunday after Pentecost, on which day we will that the faithful shall devoutly throng the churches for this purpose; and that the day shall be gladdened by a new festivity, and made festive with abundant gladness, as is more fully declared in the letters apostolic which we have published to this effect to the whole world.\* Know, therefore, that we have thought it right to celebrate this new feast in company with all our brethren, that is, with the Cardinals of the Roman Church, and with all the Archbishops, Bishops, and prelates of all the churches who then happened to be in Rome, in order that we might set them a good and worthy example before their very eyes. Let thy soul, then, magnify the Lord, and thy spirit rejoice in God thy Saviour, because thine eyes have seen thy salvation, which we have prepared before the face of all people. Rejoice, moreover, that the Almighty Lord has granted thee the desire of thy heart, and that the bountiful goodness of heaven has not robbed thee of the desire of thy lips. And whereas we send you by the bearer of these presents a book, wherein is contained the proper office appointed for this festival, we will, and we hereby strictly require, that you receive the said office with devotion, and shew it willingly and without grudging to all who ask you. Finally, be instant in prayers and devout supplication to Him who has left on earth so life-giving a memorial of Himself, and beg that He will bestow on us his heavenly grace, that we may wisely govern the Church committed to our care, to the honour and glory of his name, and to the salvation of his people. Given at Orvieto, on the eighth day of September, in the fourth year of our Pontificate, A.D. 1264."

The peculiar tone in which the new office is here spoken of, was dictated, no doubt, by a secret misgiving, lest the clergy and people of Liege should be so strongly attached to that which they had already used, as to be disposed to reject any other that might be proposed to them. It does not appear, however, that they made any difficulty in receiving it; only they still retained a few fragmentary memorials of their own in antiphons and responsories, and the hymns for some of the little hours. Nor is this to be wondered at, since the excellence of the new office was such as to disarm jealousy

\* The letters were published three weeks before, August 11.



and defy competition; it is even said to have received the express approbation of Jesus Christ Himself, for that when St. Thomas went to make an offering of his work to God in his own house, a voice was heard speaking from the crucifix before which he knelt, and saying, "Thomas, thou hast written well concerning Me." There is a tradition that the Pope had originally imposed the task of composing this office on two persons, St. Thomas and St. Bonaventura, intending afterwards to choose between them; but that the latter, having heard a portion of what St. Thomas had written, destroyed the fruit of his own labours, as unworthy to be compared with it. Others, again, attribute the office properly so called to the Dominican doctor; but the arrangement of the Mass to the Franciscan. There seem no sufficient grounds, however, for supposing any one to have had a hand in it except St. Thomas alone,\* who received for it from the Pope himself the very appropriate gift of a silver dove,† such as at that time was wont to be hung in churches for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament.

The letters apostolic, which have been mentioned as published to the whole world, commanding the use of this office and the celebration of the new festival, consist, for the most part, only of a longer and more eloquent repetition of what we have already seen in the letter of Robert, Bishop of Liege. The Holy Father presses the same arguments and reasons, or apologies, for its institution; adding, moreover, that he has been the more readily persuaded to make this ordinance, "because," he says, "we understood long ago, when we were in a lower office in the Church, that it had been divinely revealed to some Catholics that such a festival should one day be universally observed in the Church:" he appoints the same day for its celebration, viz. the Thursday after the octave of Pentecost,—a day rightly chosen, says St. Thomas,‡ "forasmuch as it was not until after the descent of the Holy Ghost, whereby alone either the Apostles or ourselves can rightly understand the dignity of so great a Sacrament, that we read of their perseverance in the communication of the breaking of bread." He repeats the same injunctions as to the necessity of a fitting preparation, by a true and pure confession, by continual prayer, by almsgiving, and other works of piety and devotion; and pours forth the following earnest exhortations to rouse men to a worthy celebration of the feast: "Let the joy both of priests and people burst forth into songs of praise; let every mind and heart and lip and tongue pay the glad homage of

\* See Natalis Alexander. Dissert. vi. art. 1, tom. vii.

† Genebrard. Chron. lib. iv. ad ann. 1261.

‡ Opuscul. 57.



exulting hymns; let the song of faith, and the eager joyfulness of hope, and the triumphant voice of charity, be heard together; let the applause of the devout and of the pure of heart unite with the jubilees of the choir; let all come together with eager alacrity and a forward will, each satisfying his zeal to the very utmost in the celebration of so great a solemnity; and oh, would that this zeal were such as to inflame the hearts of the faithful with so ardent a devotion in the service of Christ, and to cause them so to grow in his grace, that He who once gave Himself for their ransom, and now offers Himself for their good, may finally, when their earthly course is run, bestow Himself upon them as their infinite and everlasting reward." In conclusion, he grants numerous indulgences to all who should assist at the several public offices of the day, or during the octave.

These letters were published late in the autumn of 1264; but either in consequence of the death of Urban, which happened within a month or two afterwards (on the 2d of October), or because of the distracted state of European Christendom during the succeeding years, it did not meet with that prompt and universal obedience, to which a solemn injunction, promulgated by the supreme authority, was of right entitled. Clement the Fifth, therefore, forty years afterwards, repeated and confirmed the decree in the council, which he held A.D. 1311 at Vienne, between Lyons and Avignon, whither, amid the unceasing strife of Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Papal court had by that time been forced to retire. But even ten years later still, the feast appears to have been yet unknown in some parts of France\* and other countries, until it was once more enjoined, and finally established, by John XXII., in the year 1318; and henceforward there was nothing left for succeeding Pontiffs but to multiply and enlarge its privileges. Thus Martin V., A.D. 1429, and Eugenius IV. four years afterwards, doubled and redoubled the indulgences, which had been granted by Urban at the first; moreover they extended them to those who should accompany the Blessed Sacrament on foot, bearing a lighted torch in its honour, whenever it was carried from place to place for the communion of the sick; and they permitted that on this day bells should be rung and the churches opened even in places which lay under an interdict, provided only that those who were excommunicated should not enter, nor those who had been the immediate causes of the interdict draw near to the holy altar. This important prerogative, which had been originally conceded to Christmas and Easter, Whitsuntide and the Assumption, by Boniface

\* Massonius Papyrius, lib. v. de Episc. Urbis.

VIII., as a remedy against the very serious evils which had been found to result from a total suspension of religious offices during a long period in Spain, was afterwards, by Calixtus III., accorded to the feast of the Transfiguration; but the rarity of the concession clearly marks the anxiety of the sovereign Pontiffs to confer the highest possible dignity upon this festival of the holy Eucharist. Still it nowhere appears that any particular method was ever prescribed for its celebration; and hence it has always been a subject of dispute, how far any varieties have been introduced since the time of its original institution, or whether the present custom of carrying the Blessed Sacrament in procession was an essential part of it from the beginning. It is true that neither Urban nor Clement make any specific mention of it, and that it is first spoken of by John in his confirmation of their decrees; still the exulting language of the first-named Pope in his apostolic letters seems almost necessarily to refer to the solemn pomp of a full and brilliant procession, such as he must himself have witnessed and celebrated, when, attended by his whole court, he met the bishop, clergy, and people of Bolsena, on the bridge of Rio Chiaro, bearing to him the miraculous corporal. A local tradition of Avignon says that the procession was first celebrated in that city in the year 1312, having been instituted by Clement V.; but whilst this account obliges us to dissent from those who would refer it to a later date, it presents no difficulty to our own belief that it was coeval with the festival itself, since Clement was the first to establish the pontifical residence in that city. Moreover, there is a decree of a provincial council at Sens, in the year 1320, which, having enjoined the vigil of the feast of Corpus Christi to be observed with fasting, further adds, that they decree nothing concerning the procession of the clergy and people, which is wont to be made on that day, "choosing rather to leave it to their own devotion, forasmuch as it appears to have been introduced at the first by a divine inspiration;" words which seem to point either to the original revelations to Juliana, or to the subsequent miracle at Bolsena. But however this may be, whether the procession was ordained by Urban, or by one or other of his successors, it has certainly become one of the most striking characteristics of this most gorgeous festival in every part of the world. The richest treasures of nature and of art have been ransacked to add variety and splendour to the spectacle. Thus in the distant Paraguay, where every thing was rude and uncultivated, save only the souls of its inhabitants, the principal features of the procession were triumphal arches, formed out of the greenwood of the forest, festoons of fruits



and flowers, the gay plumage of peacocks and other beautiful birds, the skins of lions and other beasts of the forest, and even living stags, lions, and tigers, secured to pillars on either sides of the road, along which the Blessed Sacrament was to be borne. How different and yet how similar a spectacle did the same festival present in the principal cities of Spain; different, that is, in all outward semblance, yet the same in the devotion which prompted it, and the faith which it commemorated.

In Valladolid, for instance, the procession was rendered quite dazzling to the eye from the number of silver and golden images of the saints, which were carried before the holy Eucharist, each preceded by one or more crosses of the same precious metals, and standards of the richest embroidered silk. At Angers, in France, besides the crosses and standards of all the guilds and confraternities, there were carried several large frames, ornamented with flowers, and illuminated by candles, in which were fixed certain representations, wrought in wax, of types and figures taken out of the Old Testament, as well as of some of the miracles and mysteries recorded in the New; the streets were so plentifully hung with flags and other drapery, that the procession seemed to pass under one continued canopy from one end of the city to the other; and when the religious ceremonies were ended, the magistrates and other citizens of the town met together to partake of one common meal, as a token of mutual love and charity, and in memory of that last supper of the Lord, in which the Blessed Sacrament was ordained. At Mentz the tokens and instruments of the Passion formed an important part of the processional array; the clergy and people, who accompanied it, wearing crowns of oak or ivy on their heads, and the virgins wreaths of roses; thus exhibiting that mixture of gladness and sorrow, which is described in the bull of Urban as most fitting to the celebration of this mystery, since in it, as he truly says, "we must needs exult, if we think of our deliverance; but if we think of Christ's sufferings, which were the price of that deliverance, and which this mystery commemorates, we can scarcely refrain from tears."

The usual method of carrying the Blessed Sacrament in all these processions was in the hands of the most dignified ecclesiastic who might be present; and his arms were not unfrequently supported, for this purpose, by two of the civil officers who were highest in authority, just as the hands of Moses were stayed up by Aaron and Hur during the battle against the Amalekites. Sometimes, however, as at Angers, and at Cambridge, A.D. 1480, two priests or Bishops carried



it in a kind of tabernacle resting on their shoulders; and sometimes also it was borne on horseback,\* as at Brindisi, where the Archbishop rode a white horse, duly caparisoned for the purpose, and led by two officers of state, six canons in the meanwhile supporting the canopy over his head; here, however, the custom appears to have arisen merely from the accidental circumstance that it had been brought into the town in this manner by the Emperor Frederic, when removed from his ship, which had been driven ashore somewhere in the neighbourhood. In Rome, it was originally carried by the Popes bareheaded and on foot; a practice which the latest of the canonised Pontiffs, St. Pius V., still continued, even when labouring under bodily infirmity. About a century later, however, Alexander VII., being unable to walk, caused a portable throne, or open chair, to be constructed, on which he might be carried, either kneeling or sitting, holding the ostensorium between his hands. The convenience of this arrangement, whereby the Blessed Sacrament is readily exposed to the adoration of the assembled thousands, has caused it to be retained ever since; and certainly it is scarcely possible to conceive a sight better calculated to inspire feelings of awe and devotion than that which is thus presented, at least to all reverent beholders. After a very long but simple procession, consisting of vast numbers of the regular and secular clergy, the canons of the collegiate churches, and the chapters of all the basilicas, each bearing a lighted candle in his hand, and singing or repeating the hymns appointed for that purpose, and every community being preceded by its own cross and standard (with the addition, in the case of the basilicas, of its bell, mace, and pavilion), there follows the usual white-robed train of mitred abbots and bishops, patriarchs and cardinals, such as is wont to precede the Pontiff on all occasions of state. At length, clad in an ample cope of white satin and gold, and borne aloft on men's shoulders under a baldacchino or canopy, which is alternately supported by different public officers and the members of a few privileged colleges, appears the Holy Father himself; not sitting, as in ordinary functions, with the insignia of dignity, as the chief Bishop of Christendom, and dispensing blessings as he goes, but bending forwards in an attitude of the deepest reverence, and engaged in acts of prayer and thanksgiving to the Author and Giver of all blessings, Whom he bears in his hands, veiled under the semblance of common bread. The ostensorium, in which the holy Eucharist is enclosed, is clasped between his hands, and its base rests upon a kind of altar before him.

\* Angel. Roccha. Opera, tom. i. p. 38.

At sight of this, the whole multitude, who have hitherto been standing with uncovered heads, out of respect to the symbol of their redemption so continually passing before them, now fall on their knees, and give themselves up to the devout contemplation of the adorable Sacrament, until *it* too has been carried past them. The whole scene is such as can never be forgotten by those who have once had the privilege of witnessing it; and even if there be those who gaze at it with the same bitter and contemptuous feelings with which Michol, the daughter of Saul, looked on whilst David was bringing up the ark of the covenant to Jerusalem, there are certainly others who have been blest with far different and more salutary impressions. It is worth mentioning also, that the celebration of this festival in the Christian Reductions of Paraguay was seldom or never barren of numerous conversions to the faith from among those wild Indians who used to come down, often from very considerable distances, to witness the spectacle.

In conclusion, we would say, in the language of one whom we have principally followed in this history of the institution of the festival of Corpus Christi,\* “ May God grant that, spite of the opposition of heretics, or rather through their conversion to the truth, men may continue to add new and ever-increasing honours to their commemoration of this astounding miracle of God’s mercy and goodness, the Sacrament of the holy Eucharist !”

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## Poetry.

### THE ESTATICA.

LIKE a maiden laid for burial,  
 Still as marble limb and head,  
 Still and fix’d, yet almost smiling,  
 Clad in white robes of the dead,—  
 Hidden thus among the mountains,  
 Lieth one in lowly shed.

Far below her in the valleys  
 Faintly murmur many streams,

\* J. Chapeauville, Archdeacon and Vicar-General of Liege, in a work published at Bruges, 1643. Our other principal authorities have been *Origo prima Festi C. C.*, by Bartolommeo Fissen, a Jesuit, which was published about the same time; and the life of Juliana, written in part by one of her contemporaries, and to be found *apud Surium*.

Storm and sunshine pass above her,  
With the tender starry gleams ;  
Doth she see them all in vision ?  
Or of what are wove her dreams ?

Seasons roll away—rich autumns  
Follow summers warm and clear ;  
Soft the snows fall, vanish softly,  
While the million buds appear :  
She lies on, a solemn wonder ;  
So hath lain for many a year.

Never food may pass the portals  
Of those lips so wan and mild ;  
Not the dewy mountain honey,  
Nor the humblest berry wild ;  
She lies an angel bound in slumber  
Rather than an earthly child.

Oh the sorrow—oh the beauty—  
Oh the mystery of that scene !  
Think how life is flowing from thee !  
Hearken!—on the village-green  
There is music, there is gladness,  
There, where thou hast never been !

Stranger, leave her ; leave this dwelling,  
Or learn better what is here ;  
This is one that talks with angels :  
What her need of earthly cheer  
Who beholds the mighty future ?  
Purge thy soul, or come not near.

In her eyes this floating planet  
Is a bark, from whence to view  
Things that we cannot imagine,  
Past the depths of yonder blue :  
Here the fleeting, false, and empty—  
There the beautiful and true.

Yet no day but sees her duteous  
Dwell again on earth awhile,  
Guiding all the little household  
From her couch with tender smile.  
Brief her sojourn : from the Bridegroom  
How should earth her soul beguile ?

Him she worships, there in heaven :  
Here—where hiding all his might  
He abides a silent Presence,  
Trying faith and sparing sight ;  
Therefore rapt before the altar  
Lies her spirit day and night.



Ever in the early morning,  
 When the rose-light fills the East,  
 While the glory marcheth onward  
 Of the sacrificial feast—  
*Sursum corda*,—*Sanctus, Sanctus*,  
 Duly uttered,—and the priest

Bendeth forehead to the altar,  
 And the small bell ringeth shrill,  
 While aloft the arms are lifted,  
 Like to Moses' on the hill—  
 Then the maiden in her chamber  
 Feels the summons sway her will!

Like a light cloud lifted onward  
 By the springing of the breeze,  
 Without effort from the pillow  
 See her raised upon her knees;  
 Yet the couch perceives no pressure,  
 And she seeks not change nor ease,

While with rapture deeply gazing  
 She hangs forward rapt in prayer,  
 Robed so purely, bent so meekly,  
 As in winter droops mid-air  
 O'er her native mountain valley,  
 Bright with snow, the young larch fair.

Then, when holy Mass is ended,  
 When the *Ite* hath been said,  
 Back she glideth softly, slowly,  
 Down upon her humble bed;  
 Folds her palms in solemn beauty,  
 And leans back her marble head.

Even thus, when through the darkness  
 To some house in this wild dell  
 There is borne the holy Victim,  
 She, the lone one, knows it well:  
 Rising soft, in worship kneeling,  
 And—like sea-wave fain to swell

To the fair moon's mystic bidding—  
 Turneth as the path may bend  
 Which the meek Consoler travels  
 Till He find his journey's end—  
 Not till then the tranced watcher  
 Letteth her frail form descend.

Fare ye well, ye Alpine regions—  
 Fare thee well, thou vision fair!

Oh ! when next the Holy calls thee,  
 Breathe for me one gentle prayer !  
 And if now indeed thou seest  
 Heaven and all the blessèd there,  
 Lone one, bid them turn towards me,  
 Bid them see my woe and sin ;  
 Tell the Virgin Mother of me,  
 Of the depth this heart is in !  
 Tell thy friends among the crown'd ones  
 Of a soul for them to win !

R. M.

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## Reviews.

DR. MURRAY AND DR. WHATELY.

*Essays, chiefly Theological.* By the Rev. Patrick Murray, D.D.  
 Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology in the Royal  
 College of Maynooth. Dublin: Bellew.

"GIVE me a place to stand on," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world." "Give me a Bible-text," says the clever Protestant preacher, "and I will upset the whole Catholic religion." And indeed we believe that few texts could be named from which one of these ingenious divines could not disprove, in the course of an hour's sermon, the whole of Pope Pius's Creed, establishing at the same time the wickedness of monks, nuns, and Jesuits, the abuses of the confessional, and the general degradation, moral and intellectual, of the entire Catholic world.

Of course this textual ingenuity is not confined to anti-Popery demonstrations, but pervades the whole system of Protestant preaching, and is, in fact, one of its leading peculiarities. It is the grand secret of many of the most popular of the orators of Dissent and the Establishment. They "work out a text," as they call it, hanging reflections on every syllable, drawing deductions from solitary letters, while a clause of a few words suffices for material for demonstrations so startlingly clear and so abstrusely profound, that the listening audience is divided between rapt admiration for the hermeneutical skill and spiritual discernment of the preacher, and amazement at its own previous blindness to truths so momentous and interpretations so lucid. Walking through the streets of London, the wayfarer sometimes encounters a street-exhibi-

tor, holding up a sheet of white writing-paper doubled into a few simple folds. With this apparently unpromising material he forthwith produces, by certain dexterous manipulations, a succession of fans, baskets, fly-catchers, purses, and so forth, turning the paper inside out, twisting it, opening it, closing it, and rattling it, with so happy a skill, that the eye of the adult beholder is bewildered, and the juvenile spectator thinks he never saw any thing so wonderful or *useful* in his life before. Such is a text of Scripture in the hands of a clever Protestant "pulpit-orator." Lutheranism, Calvinism, Zwinglianism, Quakerism, Methodism, Establishmentism, Nationalism, Puritanism, Pantheism, out they come, often one after another, with dazzling rapidity and most facile readiness, till the happy congregation rises from its seats and goes its way homewards, astonished, delighted, edified, and convinced that now, after all, *the* true Christianity is appearing on earth and the darkness of the middle ages is banished for ever. Such is the happiness of living under a system which makes "every preacher his own Pope;" and

" Thus, in this vile world below,  
Noblest things find vilest using."

Our readers,—if perchance, being Catholics, they have ever seen a Bible and read it,—are aware that in the Acts of the Apostles are found the following words, taking, for the sake of the remarks to follow, the Protestant version.

"I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears" (Acts xx. 29, 30, 31).

What this passage really means is, one would say, sufficiently obvious. Common sense, wishing to interpret it, would naturally in the first place inquire, *to whom* the Apostles gave these directions. Of this the context leaves no room for doubt. We read, that St. Paul was here instructing *the ancients*, or as the Protestant version has it, *the elders*, of the Church of Ephesus, for whom he had sent for this special purpose. These ancients, moreover, are further reminded by the Apostle that the Holy Ghost had made them *bishops*, or as the Protestants have rendered it, *overseers* ("overseers" meaning in Saxon what "bishops" means in Greek,) of the Church of God. Hence there can be *no* question as to the fact that St. Paul was addressing the *rulers* of the Church of Ephesus, and that he was addressing them alone, as distin-



guished from their flock, for his exhortations are directed to their fulfilment of this very office of governing.

Nor is there any more mystery as to the instructions thus furnished. As plainly as words can speak it, St. Paul warns them against false teaching; the peculiar tendency of which he declares will be *to separate the disciples from the body* of which, under his guidance, they had become members. And the means by which the mischief is to be prevented is to be a rigorous adherence to what the Apostle himself had taught them in the three years during which he asserts that he has instructed them in the whole counsel of God. Whatever might be the teaching of any pretenders, the test was at hand. Did he teach any thing different from what St. Paul had taught? If he did, there was an end of the matter; his doctrines were false, and he himself was to be counted a devourer of the flock, and not a shepherd. We put it to any man of ordinary capacity and fair mind, whether this is not at once the obvious and the necessary meaning of St. Paul's instructions in the passage before us.

On this text, nevertheless, an argument of the most ultra-Protestant complexion has been devised by one of the most plausible writers of the present day. Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, in 1847 preached and published a sermon, entitled *The Search after Infallibility*, on the above-mentioned words of "Paul," as Dr. Whately delights offensively to term the great Apostle of the Gentiles. And what says the Archbishop by way of interpretation of St. Paul's address before us? Precisely what might be expected from a man who is of opinion that there is a good deal to be said for Judas Iscariot, and that St. Thomas's unbelief was rather to his credit than otherwise. He literally builds on this identical text a proof of the Protestant theory of private judgment and the duty of every man to gather his own religion from the Bible! "Take heed to yourselves, and to the flock which God has appointed you to rule," says St. Paul, which means, says Dr. Whately, "Oh, members of the flock, pay no heed to your rulers!" "Remember, ye rulers," says St. Paul, "when schismatics arise, what I taught you;" which, being interpreted by Dr. Whately, signifies, "Remember, ye ruled, diligently to examine the Bible (not yet all in existence, and whether you can read or no), and believe nothing that you cannot find therein plainly written." Can perversion further go? Can the annals of non-theological criticism furnish a parallel to this astounding specimen of exegesis? Was any book, except the Bible, ever thus perverted to mean "black" when it says "white," or, under the guise of an exhortation

to one man to do one thing, made to convey a command to another man to do the very opposite? Such is "Bibliolatry," and such are "Bibliolaters." They are like all other devotees to idolatry of any kind. They take one of the Creator's *works*, make it into a god, then bow down before it, and offer it incense; and when it refuses to do their bidding, cuff it, and kick it, and insult it with every imaginable opprobrium. Are we unfair if we protest that Dr. Whately reminds us of the commencement of a sermon, said to have been delivered in the Oxford University pulpit, in which the preacher thus began, "Paul says, and I partly agree with him?"

In the present instance Dr. Whately has met with a very awkward antagonist; and we regret that a similar fate has not always attended his other numerous and generally pernicious writings. Clever and shallow as they are, they would have furnished just the subjects for the acute pen of the learned Professor at Maynooth. We do not often meet with such happy instances of controversial skill as Dr. Murray has displayed in the first essay of his recently-published volume, not merely in expounding what St. Paul *did* say, and overthrowing the prominent errors of Dr. Whately's interpretation, but in handling popularly certain great Catholic truths incidentally introduced, or rather necessarily involved in the true exposition of St. Paul's directions to the Ephesian ancients. We are disposed to think this essay one of the very best to be found in the three volumes which Dr. Murray has now brought out, and venture to recommend it as likely to be of important practical use to the ordinary reader, whether Catholic or Protestant. The volume contains also two other essays, not, as appears to us, quite equal in merit to the first, but still containing a great deal of valuable information and reasoning.

Extracts will hardly do justice to any argumentative treatise; but we give one passage as a specimen of the manner in which Dr. Murray meets Dr. Whately's plausibilities, partly by reasoning, and partly by a correct statement of the facts misrepresented by his adversary.

"Again," says Dr. Whately, "the alleged necessity is, for an infallible interpreter universally and readily *accessible*. And this no Church can even pretend to have provided. Supposing a central infallible Church to exist, it is not one Christian in ten thousand that can put himself in direct communication with its supreme governors. Each individual may, indeed, use its formularies, and may assign to them the same authority as to Scripture; but he can be no more competent to interpret the one than the other, or to supply aright any omissions; he is still in want of an infallible



guide to direct him how to conform with unerring exactitude to his Church. And this guide must be, to the great mass of mankind, the pastor under whom each is placed. The pastor's conformity to the Church must be taken on his own word. If he be either ignorant, or erroneous, or dishonest,—if, in short, every individual pastor be not himself infallible, the Christian people, whose incompetency to judge for themselves has been all along presupposed, may be as much misled as in their perusal of the Scriptures."

On this Dr. Murray remarks :

" I shall state a few replies to this argument as briefly as possible.

" 1. We do not hold that the infallible authority must be or is readily accessible to all upon all points. The mass of the faithful are ignorant of many definitions of the Church known to learned theologians.

" 2. Doctrinal disputes may arise on questions hitherto not defined or not clearly defined. The Church may allow such disputes to continue for a length of time, without settling them by a definitive sentence.

" 3. On defined points, which all are bound to believe explicitly, and therefore to know, the teaching of the infallible tribunal is readily, most readily accessible to all. Take the doctrine of the Eucharist : is there a Catholic (I speak of a Catholic really such, not of a man who has grown up like a beast of the field, and calls himself a Catholic because he hears himself called so, and knows nothing more about it), is there a Catholic from pole to pole who is ignorant of the doctrine of the real presence and transubstantiation ? The same is true of every doctrine which it is, as well as of others which it is not, of obligation to know—the unity and all infinite perfections of God—the creation of the world out of nothing—the creation of man in a state of innocence and sanctity—his fall—original sin the consequence thereof—the atonement of Jesus Christ—his divinity—the Trinity of persons in one God—the eternity of the joys of heaven and of the pains of hell—the sacrament of penance, its necessity, its effects, the dispositions required for its worthy reception—the sacrament of baptism, its necessity and effects—the indefectibility and infallibility of the Church—the supremacy of the Holy See, &c. &c. Not only all Catholics, but most of those who are not Catholics and have received any thing like a religious education, know that the Catholic Church holds a distinct defined doctrine on all these points, and know what that doctrine is. This is a fact, an indisputable fact. Every Catholic has a moral certainty of what the teaching of the Church is on the aforesaid points, as strong as is his physical certainty that the sun is in the sky when he sees it there. No abstract reasoning can overturn this plain fact ; but, if I understand the principle of Dr. Whately's argument, the fact overturns it.



“ The case is widely different in the Established Church. After the doctrines of mere natural religion, it is impossible for any one, whether he is a member or not of that Church, to know what she teaches on almost every other doctrinal question. I know what Dr. Whately holds on several points, I know what the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury holds, what the Protestant Bishops of Exeter, London, Norwich, respectively hold ; just as I know, but by no means so clearly as I know, the opinions of Bellarmine or Tournelly on certain disputed matters. But when I come to ascertain what the Established Church holds as fixed and defined doctrine—doctrine not to be denied without the guilt of heresy—all inquiry becomes useless. Does she hold the Lutheran doctrine on the real presence ? Does she hold the infallibility of the Church universal, even according to the Tractarian idea of a universal Church ? Does she hold the doctrine of the Trinity as Catholics hold it, or as the Sabellians are said to have held it ? Does she hold that ordination impresses any thing real on the soul, or that it is merely what the scholastics call an ‘ extrinsic denomination,’ like the title of magistrate or field-marshal ? Does she hold that baptism remits original sin, or is merely an external rite of incorporation with the visible Church, as enlisting incorporates with the Queen’s army ? Does she hold the necessity of apostolical succession ? On these and several other points I see Dr. Whately, and Dr. Sumner, and Dr. Hinds, and other bishops and leading theologians of that Church, holding and maintaining a side diametrically opposed to that held and maintained by other bishops and theologians of that Church. When Dr. Whately published his essays on the *Kingdom of Christ*, he was denounced openly in the *British Critic*, the great quarterly organ of the Tractarians, as a heretic. Yet Dr. Whately, and Dr. Sumner, and those who go with them, have just as good a right as their opponents to call themselves true bishops and orthodox members of the Established Church. There are many books, much disputation, much teaching ; but meanwhile what is the teaching of the Church ?

“ I at present draw no inference from the foregoing except in reference to the matter before me. It is a fact, then, that the Established Church, confined as she is to one compact corner of Europe, and to people all speaking the same language and subject to the same government, is not readily accessible—is not accessible at all. Nay, what does she tell us of her own self ? who is she ? what is she ? where is she ? in what way or through what organ does she speak ? I know, or conjecture, what Dr. Whately or Dr. Philpotts would reply. Their answers would differ as wide as the poles asunder ; and still the answers are but theirs, not the answers of the Church. It is also a fact that every member of the Catholic Church is perfectly sure of her teaching on all points which he is bound to know, though her empire extends from the rising to the setting sun, and embraces all tongues and all varieties of the human race.

“ It would appear, then, that the infallible Church is not only readily accessible, but peculiarly accessible by reason of her infallibility. And indeed this should be so from the very nature of the thing. For an infallible Church teaches with supreme, all-subduing authority. When she does distinctly define, we are sure that she means what she says, and that the definition is unchangeable, one and the same for evermore. As it is easier to transfer solid gold than jelly, without injuring its shape, so the settled unalterable dogma is more easily diffused, without danger of adulteration, than ill-defined opinion.

“ 4. When Dr. Whately asserts that men are no more competent to interpret the formularies of the Church than to interpret the sacred Scriptures, he surely cannot mean to imply that, *e. g.* the definition of the real presence by the Council of Trent is as difficult of interpretation as the Epistle to the Romans, or indeed almost any chapter in the whole of the New Testament. It is a notorious fact that, especially for the last three hundred years, almost every page of the New Testament has been interpreted in various ways, and opposite doctrines drawn therefrom by the most learned men. It is a fact equally notorious, that no man, learned or unlearned, ever doubted during the same period that the Catholic Church has all this time taught the doctrine of the real presence. It is not then so difficult to understand what the Church teaches, as to understand what Scripture teaches from Scripture itself.”

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SHAM BIOGRAPHIES.—THE HOUSEHOLD OF  
SIR THOMAS MORE.

*The Household of Sir Thomas More. Libellus a Margareta More, quindecim annos nata, Chelseiæ inceptus.* London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co.

THE practice of composing journals in the name of some eminent person of by-gone days, or of somebody more or less closely connected with such a person, of writing them with all the peculiarities of language and orthography belonging to the period, and finally of sending them forth to the world in ancient type and binding, seems to be alarmingly on the increase. We are not at all satisfied that this species of literary fiction should be encouraged; it is so easy to do it badly, so extremely difficult to do it well.

The present specimen is from the same pen, we believe, as gave us not long since *Ye Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton*, done after the same fashion: and certainly it was not to be expected that one and

the same person should be capable of entering into the mind and temper of two such different heroines as the daughter of Sir Thomas More and the wife of John Milton, and the mind and temper of the respective objects of their admiration, in such a manner as to do equal justice to them both. Accordingly we find that this second attempt decidedly falls short of the first; the writer is evidently unequal to the task of appreciating a high Catholic character such as that of Sir Thomas More. Not being a Catholic herself (we take it for granted the writer is a lady), she is unable to comprehend the tone and general cast of thought which characterises a Catholic family: it was morally impossible, therefore, that she should give a faithful representation of the interior of a Catholic household, like that of the martyr-chancellor's during the critical period which saw the dawn of England's schism.

We are far from insinuating that she has wilfully misrepresented any portion of her subject; on the contrary, we give her credit for the very best intentions; but there is such an essential difference between the Catholic and Protestant characters, that she has failed to draw a portraiture that will satisfy a Catholic, just as we should fail ourselves if ever we were to be guilty of an insane attempt to write a panegyric of Wesley or Whitfield, Milton or Oliver Cromwell, such as would satisfy a Puritan or a Methodist.

The faults of this book consisting mainly of omissions rather than of positive misstatements, it is difficult to select instances of what we complain of. It is like bad wine; a single taste may be enough to convince you that it is not the genuine article, though it might require a minute analysis to detect the particular ingredients of adulteration. We may instance, however, as one striking example of our meaning, the conversation between Meg and Mercy on the subject of retiring into a convent and embracing the religious life. In that dialogue (or monologue rather, for Mercy only gives a somewhat long-winded answer to Meg's inquiry why she has never become a nun), Mercy is made to rest the whole question upon considerations of usefulness, happiness, and the like. "Could I be more useful, more harmless, less exposed to temptation, or half so happy as I am now?" all very natural considerations, no doubt, to enter into the mind of any young lady on first turning her thoughts to the settlement of that momentous question, and, as far as a Protestant is concerned, the *only* legitimate or possible considerations. We Catholics, however, have some old-fashioned notions about none taking this honour unto themselves, of being the spouses of Jesus Christ, except they be called of God; and we are satisfied



that a daughter of Sir Thomas More, in the middle of the sixteenth century, would have talked according to the Catholic fashion upon this subject: she would have said something about having a vocation, or not having a vocation. This is wholly ignored in the passage before us, and for the best of reasons, because the writer knew nothing at all about it, possibly had never even heard of it.

Again, the character of Gammer Gurney is certainly over-Protestantised for the time and place in which she is supposed to have lived; and our author must be strangely ignorant of the state of the Catholic religion in England at that time, if she supposes that "saying one or two English prayers" was ground enough for folks to accuse an old woman of being a witch. As to the other ground of the charge, viz. that she hated priests, we are not so sure. But anyhow we feel certain that Cecy More would not have been quite so indifferent as to the condition of a poor soul departing from this world without the assistance of a priest, as she is here represented to have been. Neither have we any manner of doubt but that Sir Thomas himself, when imprisoned in the Tower, would have conversed with his daughter Meg a little more about the holy saints and martyrs, and a little less about Plato and Socrates, than the author of this journal seems to imagine; at least we are confident that the order of ideas suggested by the following passage would have been most decidedly reversed in the mind of the saintly hero into whose mouth the words are put: "You fancy these four walls lonesome; how oft, dost thou suppose, I here receive Plato and Socrates, and this and that holy saint and martyr?" Why, too, have we no mention, in connexion with these visits of Margaret Roper to her imprisoned father, of that little circumstance which she herself recounts in one of her letters to "Sister Alington," viz. that their interviews began with "our seven Psalms and the Litany said," because they dared not trust themselves to enter upon conversation, before they had first fallen upon their knees and strengthened themselves by acts of devotion. Margaret Roper's real diary, had she kept one, would not have omitted this touching and pregnant circumstance, the true key to the more than human strength which marked the whole of Sir Thomas's bearing throughout those trying times.

These are only a few indications of the radical defect which runs through this imaginary journal; but they are as many as we can find room for, or are required to justify the charge which we have brought against it, namely, that whilst the author thoroughly appreciates the social and the intellectual side

of Sir Thomas More's character and that of his household, and has been most happy in her selection of specimens to illustrate his wit and the versatility of his genius,—his religious character was wholly beyond her grasp, for the reason we have already stated. We observe also here and there certain historical inaccuracies, for which there is not the same excuse; such as placing the visit of Mistress Alice More to the Tower, and her characteristic conversation with her husband there, before, instead of after, the far more interesting visit of his daughter Margaret; and again, the making Sir Thomas mistake something which Margaret had said at the close of that first interview for "an implication of her wish that he should yield up his conscience," whereas all his biographers, as far as we know, have expressly told us that what Sir Thomas mistook was something which Margaret had written, not spoken; and something which she had written designedly too, not to deceive her father, but to deceive "Master Thomas Crumwell," who fell into the snare prepared for him, and immediately gave her leave to have access to her father. Rastell's account of the matter is as follows:

"After Sir Thomas had been in prison a month's space or so, his daughter Margaret, anxiously desiring to see him, wittily invented this craft. She wrote a letter, wherein she *seemed* to labour to persuade him to take the oath, and sent it to her father, nothing doubting that it would be intercepted and carried to Crumwell, and that it would be the means of gaining her access to her father; and the sleight succeeded."

However, spite of all these faults, this *Libellus a Margareta More* is clever, and will provide very harmless entertainment for an idle hour. Great talent is shewn in the intellectual portion of the work, *e.g.* in inventing the conversations for Erasmus, whose character was within the author's reach; indeed, his was a character singularly appreciable by thoughtful English Protestants at the present time; a man keenly alive to the follies, or worse than follies, of individual ecclesiastics or corporate bodies, whom he saw around him; with powers of argument and eloquence capable of making the most effective use of whatever was clever or plausible among the new-fangled popular opinions of the day; but, at the same time, without that supreme regard for truth and the salvation of his own soul, which should oblige him to devote his whole energies to the attainment of those objects, and to sacrifice every thing at the stern call of duty. The *Libellus* is entertaining also, because it contains much that is authentic, many genuine extracts from the writings and conversation of that



noblest of English chancellors. In this point of view, however, it is of very inferior value to a Catholic work published some ten or twelve years ago, which we take this opportunity of recommending to any of our readers who are not already acquainted with it. The work is entitled, *Sir Thomas More, his Life and Times*, by W. J. Walter; and by allowing the hero of the tale, as far as possible, to speak for himself, it presents us with a far more living portrait of him than any other biographical sketch we know of. It was published as the first volume of a series, called the *Catholic Family Library*, of which a second number, we believe, was never issued. We presume, therefore, that the publisher did not meet with sufficient encouragement; yet we observe that this volume reached a second edition; and we cannot but think that were such a series to be undertaken at the present day, the subjects carefully selected, entrusted to competent authors, and the whole placed under the management of judicious editors, it might command success. Certainly Catholic works are needed upon many subjects; and if we may judge from the multitude of *Libraries* perpetually springing up around us—the Parlour, the Railway, the Standard, the European, the Antiquarian, the Classical, the Scientific, the Illustrated, and a host of others too numerous to mention,—there are advantages to be derived from a combination of forces and unity of management in this as well as in every other department of human labour. We throw out the hint for the benefit of those whom it may concern, and hope it may not be lost: we should hail with extreme satisfaction any really promising prospectus of a Catholic Library.

Since the above was written, we perceive that Mr. Dolman has issued a prospectus of a Library of Translations of Standard Foreign Works of general interest and standard merit. The plan seems a very good one, and we wish it all success. We should advise the publisher, however, to omit the *Ver Rongeur* from his list, as unworthy of its companions. The Abbé Gaume is a clever, zealous, but lengthy and not very profound writer; and the *Ver Rongeur* is a mere book of temporary controversy, and quite unfit to be classed as a *standard* work.

The aid and name of some well-known and thoroughly competent *Editor* is also necessary for the success of any such scheme, as a guarantee both for the faithfulness and idiomatic English character of the translations. Unhappily, almost every body who has a smattering of a foreign language fancies himself capable of translating from it; with what truth, let the worthlessness of a large number of our recent versions testify.



Nothing but the supervision of one or more competent scholars, who will be really and personally *responsible* for the translations, will satisfy the Catholic reading class, or tempt them to subscribe to any proposed plan whatever.

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#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Roman Missal, for the Use of the Laity* (Burns and Lambert), considering the amount and completeness of its contents and the clearness of its type, is a book of extraordinary smallness. In a volume of a really pocket size, barely an inch thick, and stoutly bound in morocco, we have a Missal including the feasts proper for England, Scotland, and Ireland, and those of the Society of Jesus, a large portion given in Latin as well as English, and with a few judicious alterations in the mode of arrangement. The edition bears the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Westminster, and is, we think, altogether a remarkable and successful specimen of typography.

*The Pathway of the Fawn*, by Mrs. T. K. Hervey (Office of the National Illustrated Library), is an elegantly got-up and pretty little tale, told after a German fashion, to illustrate the humanising influences of the arts. The story is somewhat odd, but clever, original, and interesting. In the illustrations it is satisfactory to find the artist (Mr. Thomas) aiming at beauty, and not at the caricature so tediously common just now. Some of his sketches are charmingly graceful. The initial letters, too, by Macquoid, are full of quaint and pretty fancies.

Those who doubt the power of the Daguerreotype to convey a likeness at once correct and pleasing, should take up Mayall's *Portrait of Father Faber* (Burns and Lambert), well transferred to stone by Lynch. A more strikingly characteristic portrait we have seldom seen. The purchaser, at the same time, should be warned against a surreptitious copy of the same original, issued by another publisher.

Mr. Ward has brought out his *Three Letters to the Guardian* in a volume (Burns and Lambert), with an extremely clever and hard-hitting preliminary paper on the extravagance of the "Anglo-Catholic" claims, and a Preface on Professor Hussey's plausible and superficial lectures on the rise of the Papal power. Protestants have but one safeguard against such writings as those of Mr. Ward, of which they very sedulously avail themselves; *they refuse to read them*.

The authoress of *The Children of Mary instructed* (Dolman) has done a service which will be most acceptable to many Catholic parents and guardians of young children. Spiritual books really adapted to the young mind, heart, and *eyesight*, are rare enough. All these requisites have been carefully studied by the authoress of this useful volume, which has the further merit of comprising quite a little body of theology.

To all parents and teachers we also recommend Mr. Formby's amusing little drama, *The Village Carol-Singers* (Burns and Lambert). The satire which runs through the plot and dialogues is levelled against a popular folly which cannot be too openly exposed. Some very good songs and hymns are also interspersed.

Opportunely, at the present season, Messrs. Burns and Lambert have issued *The Offices of Holy Week*, in Latin and English, printed in full, and pointed for recitation or chanting.

From the same publishers appears also a translation of the *Manual of the Brothers and Sisters of the Order of Penance of St. Dominic*; a body of constitutions interesting to the general reader, and indispensable to such brothers and sisters of the Order as are unable to read the original.

A similar interest attaches to the *Devotions to the Seraphic Father St. Francis* (Beresford, Islington), translated from the *Raccolta di Novene*, published in Rome in 1848; and to the *Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, according to the use of the Carmelite order, in Latin and English (Burns and Lambert).

Mr. Ward, formerly of St. Saviour's, Leeds, has addressed a letter to the inhabitants of that parish, called *The Sequel of Tractarianism* (Leeds, Bradley), of more than local interest, especially from its containing a statement respecting Dr. Pusey which has not a little astonished some of his still-adhering disciples. Dr. Pusey, it seems, "*placed the new Catholic hierarchy at least on a level with that over which Dr. Sumner presides!*" And further, he considers it quite compatible with "dutifulness" to the Establishment to believe in the Pope's supremacy! Is not fact, after all, far stranger than fiction?

A pretty specimen of Protestant wilfulness, ignorance, and want of candour is to be found in *The Jesuits*, a correspondence between a Catholic gentleman and Mr. Hoare, the incumbent of Christ Church, Ramsgate. It is the old tune over again, but with fresh variations, jingling and clattering away as senselessly and noisily as ever.

At St. Matthew's, Bristol, preaches a Mr. Clifford, an "evangelical" clergyman, of strenuous anti-Catholic activity. Mr. Edward Walford has lately been answering some of Mr. Clifford's most absurd "questions for Roman Catholics to answer if they can, and if they like," in his *Plain Words to Protestants* (Richardson). Mr. Clifford was hardly worth answering, we should have thought; but they say every simpleton finds some more simple than himself to believe in him.

The same author's *Little Mary's Hymn-Book* (Richardson) may be also recommended to those who want a cheap present for a child.

To Mr. Dalton's translation of *St. Teresa's Way of Perfection* (Dolman) we shall again recur. We wish that all translators exercised Mr. Dalton's discrimination in their choice of books.